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Muldoon's Blunders.


FARCE COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

—BY—

Billy F. Lee.

—O—

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—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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MULDOON'S BLUNDER'S.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Q. 4327
Irish Comedian.
Feb. 16, 1900

LARRY MULDOON, (a gay old widower, creating a suc-
cession of explosive blunders)..... Irish Comedian.
OTTO B. HONEST, (a Christian Science minister, devoted
to the belief that everything is imagination).... Eccentric Tramp Comedy.
ADOLPH BISMARCK, (the ambitious proprietor of Bis-
marck's Cafe)..... German Comedian.
TOBY TWILIGHT, (the star waiter at Bismarck's Cafe)..
..... Ethiopian Comedy.
NOAH COUNT, (a cunning Frenchman, who's schemes
are a failure)..... Dialect Heavy.
KATIE MULDOON, (a sweet little Irish girl, always next to
her father)..... Soubrette.
JULIANNA, (a would-be-widow; the false wife of the Count)
..... Walking Lady.
WIDOW MCGREEVY, (a real widow, with an iron clad
claim upon Muldoon)..... Comedy Lady
SAL. VATION, (a member of the Salvation Army).....
..... Chorus Lady.
WINNIE WERST, (belonging to the same aggregation)....
..... Chorus Lady.
KATIE MULDOON, }
WINNIE WERST. } Doubled.
WIDOW MCGREEVY, }
SAL. VATION, } Doubled.

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING—2 hours and 15 minutes.

—X—

TIME—The present.

—X—

PLACE—New York City

—X—

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Newspaper, crepe, tack and hammer for Katie; basket of clothes, sad iron and hatchet for Widow; note for Toby; pistol loaded with blank cartridges, coin, large ax for Muldoon; tin horn, bass drum, headless barrel and a bottle of cold tea for Otto; tamborines for Sal. and Winnie; large roll of manuscript and newspaper for Count; horse pistol and note for Bismarck; pen, ink and stationary on cabinet.

ACT II.—Feather duster, flour and a large razor for Toby; a large sign inscribed. "Keep out! This place is rented to Muldoon," pistol, tray filled with dishes (to be broken), sandwich and cup of tea on tray for Bismarck; Bible and document for Otto; wood crash off R.; large sign inscribed "Keep out! This place is rented to a baboon,"

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MULDOON'S BLUNDER'S.

a handful of shredded paper and money for Muldoon; complete table service and silver napkin ring, and tap bell on table; rawhide whip for Widow; coins and document for Count; letter for Julianna.

ACT III.—Coin and a glass of water and small vial of flour or soda for Widow; document, flour drug and dagger for Count; check book, pen, ink, pack of playing cards and bottle of wine on table; trick tomahawk, (stuffed), sign inscribed, "drop a nickle in the slot", and a bottle of tea for Toby; liquor flask filled with cold tea, coin, old fashioned wallet and pistol for Muldoon; coin for Bismarck; putty flower and two pistols for Katie; dagger and a check for Julianna.

—X—

COSTUMES.

MULDOON.—Act 1st. Short seymour coat and vest, linen trousers and silk hat. Act 2nd.; 1st. dress, flashy wedding outfit; 2nd dress, same costume badly deranged, no coat and hat; 3rd. dress, green bicycle sweater and dinky little cap. Act 3rd., black suit, Turkish shawl and red Turkish cap, green face mask, half bald red wig and short throat whiskers throughout play.

OTTO.—Act 1st., genteel tramp attire; for act ending, dress as per description. Act 2nd., shabby Prince Albert coat, soiled white vest, plaid trousers, ancient silk hat. Act 3rd., Spanish costume, red face mask, black wig and short stubby beard, (to be removed.)

BISMARCK.—Linen suit, cap to match, no cap in Act 2nd. Half bald black Dutch wig and short chin beard throughout play.

TOBY.—Act 1st., black coat and vest, linen trousers, light soft hat. Act 2nd., white duck jacket, black trousers. Act 3rd., 1st. dress, ordinary servant costume; 2nd dress, Indian costume; 3rd. dress, same as 1st. dress. Negro wig throughout play.

COUNT.—Act 1st. and 2nd., ordinary business suit, black curly wig and mustache. Act 3rd., black frock suit, face mask, wears short fashionable black beard, (to be removed.)

KATIE.—Act 1st., neat print dress, short curly blonde wig. Act 2nd., pretty wedding costume, hat to match, wears short curly black wig over blonde wig (to be removed), make up to resemble Julianna. Act 3rd., costume of Goddess of Liberty, blue face mask.

JULIANNA.—Act 1st., walking costume. Act 2nd., full mourning costume, black bonnet and crepe veil. Act 3rd., evening costume, face mask, wears short curly black wig throughout play.

WIDOW.—Act 1st., soiled gingham dress and apron. Act 2nd., full mourning costume, black bonnet and crepe veil. Act 3rd., stylish reception costume, green face mask, wears traditional "bridget" wig throughout play.

SALLIE AND WINNIE.—Blue dress, poke bonnet and tie strings.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E. [2d E.] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

* * * The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

MULDOON'S BLUNDERS.

ACT I.

SCENE—MULDOON'S law office—plain interior in 3rd grooves, with street backing in 4th grooves; door in R. flat, and window in L. flat, also practical doors R., 3 E. and L., 2 E.; table and chairs R. C.; typewriter, etc., on table; cabinet up C., against flat, also office chair, pen, ink and stationary on cabinet; couch up L.—curtain rises to lively music.

Enter, KATIE MULDOON, R., 3 E., reading a newspaper.

Katie. (*reading*) "Wanted—a capable young actor at once. Call early at Muldoon's law office, No. 13, Muldoon's Boulevard." (*looks up*) There now, if I don't fool papa, my name isn't Katie Muldoon. I'll show him a thing or two. In spite of his efforts to restrain me, I am determined to go upon the stage, and I'll elope with the first actor that chances to come this way. (L. C.)

Enter, OTTO B. HONEST, D. F., quickly.

Otto. Then pack your trunk at once. (*poses*) The actor is here. (C.)

Katie. What! You don't mean to tell me that you're an actor?

Otto. Oh, yes. Don't I look it?

Katie. You are bold enough, I admit. What is your name?

Otto. At present my name is Honest.

Katie. But are you Honest?

Otto. I refuse to say. Ask the warden at Sing Sing.

Katie. And can you really act?

Otto. Can I act? Well, I should cough up a drop curtain!

(*crosses L. C.*)

Katie. (*crosses R. C.*) We shall see. Suppose we rehearse a scene from "Under the Gaslight?"

Otto. Did I understand you to say "Under the Gaspipe?"

Katie. No; I said "Under the Gaslight." The principal scene occurs on a railroad track.

Otto. That sounds real natural.

Katie. The villain ties his rival on a railroad track at the mercy of the fast express. In the distance is heard the shrill whistle and

rumbling of the locomotive coming at full speed. There lies the poor fellow, helplessly bound to the track and no one to save him.

Otto. Foolish man! Why don't he send for an insurance agent and take out a life policy?

Katie. The villain has also locked the heroine in a near-by hut to witness her lovers death. Hearing the cries of the doomed man, she seizes an ax, bursts open the door, rushes out upon the track, flags the train and saves her lovers life.

Otto. And they were soon united in marriage and their children are doing well.

Katie. What do you think of it?

Otto. The train might pass but the play is sidetracked, that's all.

Katie. Don't you like it, then?

Otto. Oh, yes, I like everything, including you.

Katie. All right, then, we'll try it. I will be the heroine and you shall be the locomotive.

Otto. Impossible! Impossible!

Katie. And why not?

Otto. I haven't touched water for seven years, and I can't get on enough steam to pull the train.

Katie. Then we will abandon the idea. Did you ever see Damon and Pythias?

Otto. I never did. Who were they—Spaniards?

Katie. No, they were noble Roman's.

Otto. Indeed! Then I guess they must be some relation to me.

Katie. What! You aren't a Roman, are you?

Otto. Oh, yes; I've been a "roamin'" for many a moon. (*aside*) If I don't catch on here; I'll still be a "roamin'."

Katie. Then let's try our hand at Damon and Pythias. Now the scene we'll rehearse will be the lines between Damon and Lucullus where Damon's horse has been stolen.

Otto. That's right in my profession. Who steals the horse?

Katie. A pirate. Damon has left his horse to the care of Lucullus. Lucullus wanders away and during his absence the animal is stolen. When Lucullus returns and discovers that the horse is stolen, he becomes desperade. Just then Damon enters and calls for his steed. Lucullus reveals the truth and Damon wrought with wrath, hurls abuse upon him. Not satisfied with that, he seizes Lucullus by the throat and forces him to the ground, paying no heed to the pleadings of Lucullus.

Otto. I understand. I merely have to grab you by the throat and choke you to death. (*going L.*) Don't forget to give me my cue.

(*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Katie. (*goes up stage, then turns and comes down c.*) "Damon's horse has been stolen. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Enter, OTTO, L., 2 E.

Otto. Ah, ha! old collars and cuffs! Where is me clothes horse?

Katie. Ah, now, that isn't right. You should say "Lucullus" and "steed," and when you enter, stand erect and throw out your chest?

Otto. (*astonished*) Throw out my chest?

Katie. Yes, sir.

Otto. (*takes a pie-pan out from under his vest and throws it upon stage—aside*) Now I wonder how she knew I had that hid?

Katie. Oh! what's that?

Otto. That's my chest.

Katie. Now if you don't be more serious, I won't play with you at all.

Otto. Don't get angry, Lucy. (*going*) Don't forget to give me my cue. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Katie. (*same business as before*) "Damon's horse has been stolen. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Enter, OTTO, L., 2 E.

Otto. Ah, ha! Lucullus! (*strikes a comic attitude*) Where is me steed?

Katie. My lord, I do not know.

Otto. (*catching her by the wrist*) Thouest doest knowest—speakest!

Katie. (*kneels*) O! Damon, my lord, thy horse has been stolen.

Otto. (*appalled*) Stolen! Oh, this is worse than weiner-worst! (*seizes her throat*) Tell me, who stole my clothes horse—the only clothes I ever owned—the clothes horse I loaned your wife to dry your shirts upon? Who stole it, eh, who stole it? (*shaking her*)

Katie. (*during above speech*) Oh, have mercy! Help! mercy! help! (*orchestra or piano music*)

During the above, enter WIDOW MCGREEVY, D. F., quickly, carrying basket of clothes on her shoulder—she drops basket, rushes down and pulling OTTO away from KATIE, she seizes him by the coat collar, runs him up stage and pushes him out D. F.—crash outside—WIDOW stands near door, shakes fist—KATIE down L., laughing—music ceases.

Widow. (*pretends striking at an imaginary opponent*) Begorry, I fale loike a mon!

Katie. (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! That fellow is probably of the opinion that you are one. (*holding her sides*) Oh, dear! I never had so much fun. (*rises*)

Widow. Fun is it? Divil a bit o' fun did I see at all.

Katie. That is because you didn't understand it. We were only in fun—rehearsing a play, that's all.

Widow. Arrah! thin I'm a dunce fer interferin'. But I say, whare's Mister Muldoon?

Katie. He speut last night trying to settle a society scandal out of court, and I expect he's abed yet.

Widow. An' has he told ye about it yit?

Katie. About what?

Widow. (*pushing her gently*) Go 'long now, ye know all about it

Katie. Upon my life, I don't. What is up?

Widow. Nothin' but joy an' happiness. I'm soon to be married fer the fifth toime.

Katie. (*surprised*) What!

Widow. It's so.

Katie. (*playfully*) Oh, you giddy old girl!

Widow. (*immensely tickled*) He, he, he! Ain't I terrible? Oh, I fale so divilish!

Katie. And who is the lucky man?

Widow. He's a true Irish mon an' his name is Larry Muldoon.

Katie. I knew it! I knew it all the time. And when does the wedding take place?

Widow. Jist as soon as yer fathier kin spare the toime from his profishional juties.

Katie. Then you may trust to me for a speedy marriage. I'll urge papa to get a move on himself and take charge of you at once. But you are a little early with our washing this week, aren't you?

Widow. Yis, wan day ahid o' toime. This is me day wid the Salvation army, ye know.

Katie. So it is; and by the way, that reminds me—why can't we play a joke on papa?

Widow. I'm in fer it. What kin we do?

Katie. I'll tell you. Suppose you bring your army down here and give him a serenade?

Widow. No, no, Katie. He moight git mad.

Katie. Oh, no, he won't. If he does, I'll take all the blame.

Widow. Will ye, Katie?

Katie. Sure, I will.

Widow. Thin, begorry, I'll do it. I'll bring me army down here an' drown the place wid salvation.

Katie. That's the ticket! How funny too. Oh! won't we laugh?

Widow. Sure, an' we'll all die a laughin'. The undertaker will do a terrible bizness.

Katie. But when will the fun take place?

Widow. Jist as soon as I kin git me army together.

Katie. Then you had better make haste. I am expecting papa here at any moment.

Widow. (*going up R.*) I'm off at wance. (*near D. F.*) An' Katie, kinder have the ould gintlemon in a good humor jist afore we git here.

Katie. Sure thing! I'll tickle him with a feather.

Widow. Oh, Muldoon, Muldoon! Ye air in fer it, now!

(*exit, D. F.*)

Katie. (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! Someone else is in for it, too, I'm thinking. Now this is just what I've been wishing for—a bit of fun, and I will have it, too. This seemingly harmless joke is bound to cause trouble between papa and Mrs. McGreevy. Then I can stand aside and laugh to my hearts content.

Mul. (*off D. F.*) Don't ye iver belave it! The Timprance party won't carry this state, not by a jugful! Talk is chape, but it takes foive dollar bills to buy votes in New Yorruck.

Katie. Hello, here comes the old gentleman, now! (*going R. C.*) I must make him think that I always work.

Sits R. C. and works rapidly at table—orchestra or piano music, "The wearing of the green," for MULDOON'S entrance.

Enter, LARRY MULDOON, D. F., briskly.

Mul. Good marnin', Katie, good marnin'.

Katie. (*without looking up*) Good morning, papa. You are a little late this morning?

Mul. Yes, but I got thot society scandal settled at last.

Katie. How did you settle it?

Mul. The mon paid back the kiss to his woife an' now they're livin' together ag'in. (*trying to take off his hat*) Now what ails thot hat anyhow?

Katie. Perhaps your head is a trifle explanded.

Mul. Ye air wroug, me hid is not expanded. It's the dommed hat thot's disbanded. *(goes and sits at cabinet up c.)*

Katie. *(aside)* I'll bet he's been out on another spree! *(rises and crosses L. C.)*

Mul. Any mail this marnin'?

Katie. Lots of it, and a female too.

Mul. Indade! Who was she?

Katie. Mrs. McGreevy. She spoke well of you, too.

Mul. What did she say?

Katie. Never mind. She told me all about it. But I say, papa, when are you going to change her name?

Mul. I dunno. I'd marry her at wance, only I'm afeard to do it.

Katie. *(L. of him)* What are you afraid of?

Mul. Katie, kin I confide in ye?

Katie. To be sure you can.

Mul. Thin I'll tell ye. I can't marry the widdy, bekase—bekase I'm ingaged wid another woman.

Katie. Oh, you fickle old man! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Mul. No, I'm only disgusted, thot's all. Now what the devil am I to do?

Katie. I don't know, I'm sure. Who is this woman you speak of?

Mul. She's a Frinch widdy called Julianny. I met her on the Bowery about a year ago, whin she was singin' in a concert. Our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, an' afore I knew it, she had me bound wid an ingagment ring.

Katie. It's just too bad. I feel so sorry for you.

Mul. *(rising)* Don't mintion it. I fale sorry fer mesilf. Now what would ye advise me to do?

Katie. Marry the one you love best, that's what.

Mul. But Katie, if I marry the widdy, thin Julianny will sue me fer britch of promise.

Katie. *(crosses R. C.)* Let her sue! You're a lawyer—you can defend yourself.

Mul. *(C.)* An' I'll do it, too! I'll marry the widdy, the choice of me heart.

Katie. You're a sensible man. Just leave everything to me and I'll have you married within twenty-four hours.

Mul. Will ye, Katie?

Katie. Sure, I will. Now what sort of a wedding do you want—public or private?

Mul. Begob, I want a public jamboree—a jinnuine Irish blowout.

Katie. And you shall have it. I'll rent a stylish cafe and get out a thousand invitations. *(goes to D. F.)*

Mul. Now where are ye goin'?

Katie. I must see Mrs. McGreevy at once and tell her all about it. *(exit, D. F.)*

Mul. Oh, I tell ye, Katie is a good girrul. Whinever I git mesilf into trouble, she helps me out. So I'll take her advise an' marry the widdy McGreevy. Thin if Julianny sues me fer damage, I'll ingage mesilf as her lawyer, an' she'll loose the suit. Ah, ha, Muldoon! it's a schamer, ye are. What a great alderman ye would make indade.

(paces to and fro, R. and L., highly elated, business with coat tails)

Enter, TOBY TWILIGHT, D. F.—stands near door watching MULDOON.

Toby. (aside) Fer goodness sake! De ole man has got 'em suah! *(advancing)* Say. Mistah Muldoon, am you doin' a cake walk?

Mul. (L. c.) Sor? I have not the plazure av yer acquaintance. Plaze interjuce yersilf.

Toby. (R. c.) Kum off, ole man! You knows me.

Mul. Whist now! Don't ye try iny confidence racket on me. Idintify yersilf at wance, or I'll banish ye into the strate.

Toby. Oh, I doan' know! I doan' see any Fitz-cinnamou medals hangin' on you.

Mul. But I wear an electric belt jist the same. Now would ye be shocked?

Toby. No, sah! Dat doan' change my current de least bit.

Mul. (crosses R. c.) Enough o' this! What's yer name?

Toby. (L. c.) My name am Toby Twilight, an' I's a wa'am peanut. Now does you know me?

Mul. (bewildered) What! Air ye the naygur thot bruck a chiny plate upon me hid down at Bismark's Cafe wan noight?

Toby. (exercising his right arm) Yes, an' I kin hurt you agin.

Mul. Don't be too dogmatic about thot. What do ye want here?

Toby. I want's fo'ty dollars, dat's what!

Mul. Forty dollars!

Toby. Yes, an' I kin prove it.

Mul. (opens note) What's this, I dunno? *(gives note reads)* "Larry Muldoon, debtor, in account with Adolph Bismark, creditor. Amount due, four week's board, Muldoon and daughter, forty dollars. Pay me real quick, or I'll make you sick. Signed, Adolph Bismark." *(crushes note)* It's all a mistake! I paid thot claim last wake.

Toby. (crosses R. c.) You's anodder! You didn't!

Mul. (L. c.) I say I did. An' Bismark knows it. It's a dirthy blackmailin' scheme, so it is. *(crosses R. c.)*

Toby. (crosses L. c.) 'Tain't neidder! I know's I's a black mail, but I hain't got no scheme. I jest wants fo'ty dollars, dat's all.

Mul. Well, ye'll not git it.

Toby. Den dat settles it. *(pulling up his sleeves)* Mistah Bismark done tole me, I eidder had to collect dat mun or else I had to take it out of yoh hide. *(crosses R. c.)*

Mul. (crosses L. c.) Come on, thin! Me hide is full of money. I wance tuk the gold cure. *(bracing himself—orchestra or piano music)*

Toby. (cautiously) I accepts yoh invitation. Look out foah me!

TOBY springs at MULDOON, clutching his throat—MULDOON firmly seizes TOBY by the shoulders; a lively scuffle ensues, during which the following conversation takes place.

Mul. (choking) Ouch! Lave go o' me nick! Ye air chokin' me.

Toby. (ambitiously) Suah! Dat's my intentions.

Mul. Ye wall-eyed naygur! Take yer paws off me nick, or I'll pulverize ye!

Toby. Kain't do it. My fingers am crampy.

Mul. Thin down ye go!

(forces TOBY to the floor, falling heavily upon him)

Toby. (underneath, kicking at MULDOON) Oh, mu'dah! mu'dah! Git off my stommick! I's loosin' my breaff.

Mul. (striking TOBY in the face) Sure! That's me intentions.

Toby. (same as before) You Irish debbil! Stop ticklin' my face.

Mul. (hitting him repeatedly) I can't do it. I've lost control of me arms.
(both engage in a muttering conversation with each other)

Enter, KATIE, D. F., quickly.

Katie. I heard some one cry murder. (discovers situation) Oh, what's this! (excitedly) It's papa fighting a blackman. Oh, dear! (catches MULDOON by the coat and attempts to pull him away) Papa, papa! Get up from there this instant! Get up, I say!

KATIE succeeds in pulling MULDOON apart from TOBY, who rises instantly and darts out D. F.

Mul. (wildly) Stop him! Stop the naygur!

Katie. (pulling him back) Papa, papa, you must be crazy!
(attempts to run up stage)

Mul. (business) Oh, I'm daffy! Howld me fast afore I do somethin' disperate.

Katie. (giving him a jerk) Will you please be still!

Mul. (exhausted) Yis. (music ceases)

Katie. Now I'd like to know what you were fighting about?

Mul. The coon insulted me. Ould Bismark—bad 'cess to him!—sint the naygur here to collect a bill thot I had already paid.

Katie. Well, I am sure, you shouldn't have punished the darkey for it.

Mul. But he forced me to it. I ayther had to pay him or foight him.

Katie. Then you ought to have paid him and saved the trouble.

Mul. Not on yer loife! I preferred to pay him wid me fists an' save the money. Did ye see the widdy?

Katie. Not yet. But I'll see her though, directly.

Mul. Plaze do so.

(goes L.)

Katie. (R. C.) Now what are you going to do?

Mul. I must brush me clothes a bit. I fale loike a door-mat.

(exit, L., 2 E.)

Katie. Poor man! If he only knew it, his troubles have just commenced. I'll not mention the wedding to Mrs. McGreevy at present. I'll wait until after the Salvation Army has done it's work, then I will know what is best for me to do. (a knock at D. F., KATIE starts) Hello! who's that, I wonder? (runs up to D. F. and opens door) Good-morning, ma'am. Come in.

Enter, JULIANNA. D. F.

Julianna. Good-morning. Is zis Mistare Muldoon's office?

Katie. It is. Won't you be seated? (places a chair R. C.)

Jul. (seated) Ah! you are ver' kind, indeed.

Katie. (C.) Oh! don't mention it. I am kind to everyone. Would you like to see the distinguished gentleman?

Jul. Ef you please.

Katie. (going L.) Then I will call him. (at L., 2 E.—aside) This must be Julianna.

(exit, L., 2 E.)

Jul. (surveyingly) So zis is ze ole man's office, eh? Vot a meserable place! ever' sing in disorder. Now is my chance to make ze

master stroke. Muldoon is a rich ole widower, an' I need him in my business. Ze ole fool has proposed to be my husband, and I will see zat he stands by his proposition.

Enter, KATIE, L., 2 E.

Katie. He will see you directly. (*JULIANNA courtesies to KATIE, she crosses up R., aside*) Oh, ain't she a peach! We won't do a thing to her! (*exit, R., 3 E.*)

Jul. (*looking L.*) He comes. (*rises and stands C., firmly*) Now Julianna, make your bluff good.

Enter, MULDOON, L., 2 E.

Mul. Good-marnin', mum. (*recognizing her*) What! It's Julianny! (*down L., crushed*) Oh, the divil!

Jul. Ah! now Larry, don't call me zat. Come and kiss your Julianna.

Mul. Ye brazen beauty! I thought ye would come. What do ye want o' me?

Jul. Satisfaction.

Mul. Is thot so? Well, I havn't any, so ye may as well git out.

Jul. I vill do nossing of ze kind. I came here for a purpose and I vill not go until I am satisfied.

Mul. Ye terrify me! What would ye do?

Jul. I vould recall ze past. You vonce loved me, eh, Larry?

Mul. (*nervously*) I dunno. Mebbe I did.

Jul. And zen you proposed marriage, did you not?

Mul. Yis, but I wor drunk then, an' didn't know what I wor doin'.

Jul. You did it just ze same, and I vill hold you to it.

Mul. (*crosses R. C.*) Hould nothin'! Ye air tryin' to rope me in.

Jul. (*L. C., haughtily*) And I vill do it, too.

Mul. Ye schamin' adventuress! I understand ye now; ye want me money, thot's all.

Jul. You are meestaken, Larry. I vant you!

(*points at MULDOON*)

Mul. Is thot so? Well, begob, ye can't have me. (*folds his arms and assumes an air of dignity*) I'm above yer dignity.

Jul. (*threatens him*) Be careful, sare! Ef you refuse me, I vill cause you trouble.

Mul. (*crosses L. C.*) Let 'er go! I loike trouble, inyhaw.

Jul. Ve shall see. (*goes up R., quickly*) Ze next time ve meet vill be in a court room, and zare I vill obtain justice. Do you hear me, you ole fool—justice! (*exit, D. F., exultingly*)

Mul. Ah, she's daffy! Who iver heerd tell av justice in a court-room? But fer fear she does sue me, what kin I do to save me money? (*reflects*) Ah, I have it! I'll commit suicide an' take me money wid me. (*takes pistol from pocket*) It's a great scheme, an' begorry, I'll do it.

MULDOON rushes off L., 2 E., closing door after him—KATIE peeps on R., 3 E., then withdraws—a pistol shot is heard off L.—orchestra or piano music—a funeral dirge.

Enter, KATIE, R., 3 E., slowly, she has a crepe and a hammer in her hand, head slightly bowed; she crosses L., slowly and tacks crepe on door L., 2 E.: shakes her head solemnly and re-cross R. slowly and exit, R., 3 E.—music ceases.

Enter, MULDOON, L., 2 E., pistol in hand.

(downhearted) It's no use tryin'. I can't shoot meself wid a blank catridge.

MULDOON tears crepe off door and exit, L., 2 E.—orchestra or piano music, "Yankee Doodle."

Enter, SALVATION ARMY, D. F., WIDOW MCGREEVY in the lead; she is blowing a tin horn, followed by SALLIE and WINNIE, playing tambourines, OTTO bringing up the rear, beating a bass drum—playing and singing, they march around room ad lib., singing the following words set to the air of "Yankee Doodle."

A mighty army, that we are,
Our motto is Salvation,
We blow the horn and sound the drum
All over this creation.

See how grand we march along,
We're busy every minute;
Don't you think we're out o' sight?
Oh! ain't we strictly in it?

Widow. (upon chair, R. c.) Brothers an' sisters! Be aisy now, an' listen to me.

Otto. (down L., continues singing and beating drum)

See how grand we march along,
We ain't a bit of bother.
Father struck a job to-day,
Just break the news to mother.

Widow. (savagely) I say, listen to me!

Otto. Oh, did you? Excuse me. (SALLY and WINNIE down R.)

Widow. Now brothers an' sisters, ye all know thot we have assembled here fer the purpose av savin' a sowl.

Otto. You mean a half sole.

Widow. Shut up! We are not cobblers. We are a band av noble workers.

Winnie. }
Sally. } Amen!

Otto. (sounding drum) Awomen!

Widow. Shut up!

Otto. What do you take me for—an umbrella?

Widow. No indade! Ye air too afeard av water fer thot. Now brothers an' sisters, I want to say thot I've been acquainted wid Mr. Muldoon fer a number av years, an' he nades salvation. He is a thafe! A highway robber! A bandid! A cut-throat!

(MULDOON peeps out L., 2 E., in a state of surprise)

Omnes. Oh pity!

Widow. Whin runnin' fer public office, he once gave a mon a bad dollar to vote fer him, an' thin, afther his eliction, he helped sind thot same mon to Sing Sing fer passin' counterfeit money.

Mul. (aside) Begorry, she's daffy!

(*KATIE peeps on R., 3 E., pointing and laughing at MULDOON*)

Widow. But in spoite av the fact thot Muldoon resimbles a baboon, he is a human mortal widall, an' it's our downroight juty to restore him to glorious salvation.

Omnes. Hurrah!

Mul. (aside) Oh, I'll assassinate thot woman! (*vanishes*)

Widow. Now brothers an' sisters, ye well know thot I am a great advocate fer the timplrance cause. I am strictly in favor av puttin' the liquor traffic down.

(*OTTO takes bottle from pocket, hands to WIDOW*)

Omnes. Noble sister!

Widow. I firmly belave in free government—free religion—free silver—free lunch— (*takes a drink*)

Otto. Free beer.

Widow. Ivery wan av us are brave heroes, an' not cowards. We'll shoulder our muskets an' foight fer Uncle Sam, wavin' the starry banner av freedom. An' if any wan dares attempt to pull down the American flag, we'll shoot him wid an army contract.

MULDOON quickly appears at L., 2 E., fires a pistol at WIDOW, then disappears.

(*WIDOW with hand over heart, jumps down*) Howly St. Patrick! I be-lave I'm shot!

Otto. (to audience) Huh! She's only half shot.

Orchestra or piano music, "Yankee Doodle." Salvation army marches around room, playing and singing, same as when they entered—exeunt, D. F.

Enter, MULDOON, L., 2 E., enraged, paces floor excitedly—KATIE is peeping on R., 3 E., laughing at him.

Mul. (pacing floor) "He's a thafe! A highway robber! A bandit! A cut-throat!" Oh! I wonder av she takes me fer a bank cashier? Thot woman has no manhood about her at all. (*calls*) Katie! Katie!

Enter, KATIE, R., 3 E., suppressing her laughter.

Katie. Yes, papa?

Mul. Come here to me! Katie, kin ye run? (*L. C.*)

Katie. You bet I can! I'm a thoroughbred.

Mul. Here thin, take this fifty cints, (*gives coin*) an' overtake the widdy at wance. Pay her fer this wakes washin', an' tell her thot our ingagement is at an end.

Katie. Oh no, papa, you surely don't mean that?

Mul. Indade I do! Ye kin further state to her ladyship, thot whin she does me family washin' ag'in, it'll be a could day in July.

Katie. But if I tell her that, it will cause trouble.

Mul. Well, thot's what I'm lukin' fer! (*commandingly*) Run on now, an' deliver me missage!

Katie. (*runs up to D. F.*) All right, sir! I'll tell her word for word.
(*exit, D. F.*)

Mul. Now I'm aven wid the ould washerwoman. Me next move is to marry Julianny. It'll spite the widdy. an' begob, I'll do it! I'll write her a letter at wance. (*sits at cabinet up c., writes*) "Dear Julianny, I have decided to marry ye. If ye approve av it, mate me at Bismarks Cafe, to-morrow avenin' at 8 o'clock, an' come prepared to be me woife. Yours, MULDOON." (*puts letter in envelope, but does not seal it, addresses envelope*) "Julianny, General Delivery, City." (*rises*) In spoite av the widdy, I still breathe the air av matrimony. Whin Katie returns, I'll have her mail the letter. (*c.—a knock at D. F.*) Come in!

Enter, NOAH COUNT. D. F., quickly, carrying a large roll of manuscript under his arm and a newspaper in hand.

Count. Is zis Muldoon's law office?

R. C.

Mul. It ain't no pest house.

Count. And are you'ze Mistare Muldoon?

Mul. I belave so. What kin I do fer ye?

Count. I am vone noble Count, born in ze city of Paree, France.

Mul. Ye are?

Count. Not long since I come here from ze beautiful city of Montreal.

Mul. Whare's Montreal?

Count. In ze Dominion of Canada.

Mul. What the divil did Montreal do thot it had to go to Canady?

Count. Nossing. Montreal is ze grand city vot always be in Canada. It is ze capitol of ze Dominion.

Mul. I understand. What the bowery is to New Yorruck, Montreal is the same to Canady.

Count. (*unrolls manuscript*) I have here wiz me a reg'lar fortune.

Mul. What is it—a paper mill?

Count. Not so. It is ze grand play of Faust Junior vot I writes myself.

Mul. Ye wrote it yersilf?

Count. Yes, sare. (*reads*) "Act first is ze roof garden. Faust Jr. be all alone at ze rise of ze curtain, drinking beer."

Mul. Why don't he drink whiskey?

Count. (*reads*) "He wants to take ze gold cure."

Mul. Sind him to Klondyke.

Count. (*reads*) "Zen Mephisto appears."

Mul. Who's McFisto?

Count. He be ze president of hell.

Mul. The divil he is!

Count. (*reads*) "Mephisto say ef Faust take ze gold cure he cannot have ze beautiful Marquerite. Faust zen bind hiself to ze power of Mephisto and remain ze vone doomed man to win ze idol of his heart—Marguerite."

Mul. Well, what's all this rat killin' got to do wid me?

Count. Ever'sing. Do a favor and it vill make a happy man of me.

Mul. A happy mon? I'll do it! I kin git ye an abstract divorce fer twinty dollars

Count. No zare, not zat! I be not vanting no divorce at all.

Mul. Thin what do ye want?

Count. I vant you to buy ze play and engage my services.

Mul. Oh, do ye?

Count. Yes, sare.

Mul. Mr. Count, do I look loike a sucker?

Count. No, sare.

(starts down R.

Mul. (pulling him back) Am I the color av a squash?

Count. No, sare.

(same biz as before

Mul. (biz as before) Did ye iver see me pitchin' hay?

Count. No, sare.

(same biz

Mul. (same as before) Are me pants tucked down in me boot-tops?

Count. No, sare.

Mul. Thin I'm not the farmer ye take me fer.

(turns L.

Count. (following him) But sare—

Mul. (interrupting) Ah, close up yer face! Ye can't work any buncó game on me. If ye want to sell yer play, ye'll have to strike a softer snap thin me.

Count. But you advertise for an actor, just ze same.

Mul. Ye are crazy! I did nothin' av the koind.

Count. But you did! Now, zat I come, you insult me. After all, I believe you nossing but a big humbug.

Mul. (crosses R. C.) Ye're a liar! I'm a silver bug.

Count. (L. C.) It make no diff'rence vot you be. Here, look in ze newspaper and see for yourself.

(gives newspaper

Mul. (reads) "Wanted—a capable young actor at wance. Call early at Muldoon's law office, number thirteen, Muldoon's Boulevard."

(looks up bewildered

Count. Ah, you see?

Mul. Indade, I do! An' I think I know the cause av it, too.

Count. Vot be it?

Mul. Ye should know that I have a stage struck daughter; an' in spoite of me ifferts to stop her, she seems determined to go upon the stage. I have previnted her more thin wance, an' thanks to ye, I have trapped her ag'in.

Count. Ah, I understand. She do zis on ze sly.

Mul. Not very sly, bekase I'm onto her racket. But after all, it's a quiet joke an' the laugh is on me.

Count. How funny! Ha, ha, ha!

(laughing

Mul. (laughing) He, he, he! Come wid me an' take a ginuine smoile.

(takes COUNT by the arm and goes L.

Count. Vere vill ye go?

Mul. (at L., 1 E.) We'll step across the strate, an' enjoy a social glass of—ahim!—limonade.

(exeunt, L., 1 E.

Enter, KATIE, D. F.

Katie. It's all over with papa, now. I have just seen Mrs. McGreevy, and the way she carried on, convinces me that papa is sure to attend his own funeral, and that before long, too. (discovers letter on cabinet) Hello! what's this? (reads address) "Juliana, General Delivery, City." (looks up) I smell a mouse! I must locate it. (opens letter and reads) "Dear Juliana, I have decided to marry you. If you approve of it, meet me at Bismark's Cafe, on to-morrow even-

ing at eight o'clock, and come prepared to be my wife. Yours, MULDOON." Ah, ha! I think I understand the old gentleman. He is smitten with Mrs. McGreevy and intends to marry the charming Julianna. But that shall never be. Oh, goodness no! He must marry Mrs. McGreevy. I'll soon put a stop to this business. (*sits at cabinet and writes*) "Dear Julianna, I invite you to be present at Bismark's Cafe on to-morrow (Wednesday) evening at eight o'clock to see me married to a woman far your superior. Yours, MULDOON." (*puts letter in envelope, rises and crushes MULDOON's original one*) There now, that substitute will fix it! He will probably mail the letter without even looking at it again. To carry the joke farther, I must reveal the wedding to Mrs. McGreevy and invite her to be present. In the meantime I'll concoct some sort of a deception that will fool papa. (c.)

Enter, ADOLPH BISMARCK, D. F., quickly.

Bismarck. Ah, dere Katie! How you vos?

Katie. (L. c.) Why, good morning, Mr. Bismark. Have you used Pears soap?

Bis. (R. c.) Nein! I use "Pride Uff Der Laundry," two bars for five cents. Vere vos your paw-paw?

Katie. I think he just stepped out.

Bis. Dot vos an awful good t'ing for him.

Katie. What is the matter now? You aren't mad at him, I hope?

Bis. Yaw, I bade you, I vos. I hear dot he say somedings about me when mine back vos lookin' at his face.

Katie. Then he has been backbiting you, has he?

Bis. Vell, I should say so. He bite a big hole in mine back already.

Katie. What did he say?

Bis. He say dot I vos a dutchmans. Now, I leaf it to you, uff I look like a dutchmans. Mine fadder vos born in Hong Kong. Ireland, und mine mudder vos born in Sherusalem. Effry inch uff me vos American, und don't you forgot dot. (*crosses L.*)

Katie. (*crosses R.*) That's right, Mr. Bismark. Always be an American and you will never suffer defeat.

Bis. Besides dot, when I send mine servant here to get some money, your paw-paw scrap mit him und treat him pad, und for dot vone t'ing, I vos goin' to have revenge.

Katie. Don't you dare to harm papa!

Bis. Nein! I von't harm him! Vot I do to your paw-paw vill be done so soon it von't haff time to harm him.

(*pulls up his sleeves and crosses R. comically*)

Katie. (*crosses L.*) You had better go slow, sir!

Bis. Yaw, I vill go slow mit his funeral by'n'bye.

Katie. (*affrighted*) Oh, dear! Can't I act as a peacemaker for you?

Bis. I t'inks not. Mine fists vill do der peace makin'. But here. Katie, giff dis leetle note to your paw-paw when he cooms, (*gives note*) und tell him dot I vill soon coom back. (*takes a step up stage, then turns down*) Und when I do coom back, I vos goin' to shoot, (*takes another step*) und when I shoots, I shoots to kill!

Katie. (*nerrously*) Oh, my heart!

Bis. (business as before) Und if you see your paw-paw before I do, took some goot looks mit him for der last time, because he vill neffer smile some more. (*at D. F.*) Und Katie, when he cooms in, shoost tell him dot you saw me. (*exit, D. F.*)

Katie. Well! the chances are good for me to become an orphan. I wonder if he really means business?

Enter, MULDOON, L., 1 E.

Mul. Katie, ye air the very girl I want to see. Did ye overtake the widdy?

Katie. Yes, indeed! And she is now on her way here to overtake you.

Mul. Well, let'er come! (*goes up to cabinet*) I'll sittle her bizness! (*seals letter and comes down*)

Katie. What now?

Mul. Whoile ye have on yer runnin' shoes, ye kin do me a particular errand.

Katie. (gleefully) O goody! I just love to do errands.

Mul. (looks at her mysteriously a moment) Now this letter is a valuable treasure, an' I want ye to be careful. (*gives letter*) Take it to the post office an' afore ye drop it in the slot, put a stamp on it.

Katie. How about stamp money?

Mul. Did ye pay Mrs. McGreevy the fifty cints?

Katie. No, I forgot it.

Mul. Good! ye kin take two cints out o' the fifty, an' give the balance to the widdy. (*crosses R.*)

Katie. (crosses L.) But papa, that would be dishonest.

Mul. Well, no matter, I'm a lawyer.

Katie. By the way, Mr. Bismark was here awhile ago, and left this note for you. (*gives note*) You had better read it and learn his intentions.

Mul. (opening note) The climate is growin' warmer. (*reads*) "Muldoon, from Ireland—original decident from the family of baboons." (*looks up horrified*) Oh, the villain!

Katie. What does he say?

Mul. He calls me the original decident from the family of baboons. Think o' that, Katie!

Katie. Punch his head!

Mul. I'll do it! (*reads aloud*) "No wonder yer woife died. That face of your is enough to kill an Egyptian mummy."

Katie. It's an outrage!

Mul. I'm in a rage! (*reads aloud*) "Ye owe me forty dollars. An' if ye don't pay me what ye owe me, ye'll still owe me what ye owe me."

Katie. How true!

Mul. Katie, what did he say?

Katie. He said that he would soon come back, and when he does come back, he is going to shoot, and when he shoots, he shoots to kill.

Mul. (crosses L., quickly) That sittles it! I'll see that man!

Katie. (R. C.) What are you going to do?

Mul. I am goin' to borry Gilhooly's ax. (*exit, L., 1 E.*)

Katie. And that means a terrible tragedy. I must mail this letter in haste and hurry back before the show begins. (*exit, D. F., quickly*)

Enter, OTTO B. HONEST. through window in L. flat.

Otto. Oh, this is me. My ancestors taught me that windows were made for other purposes besides ventilation. I wonder where this man Muldoon can be? (*sits R. C.*) I understand that he is about to marry a woman by the name of Julianna. Now, if she is the article I take her to be, I am on the right track. I'll convince Muldoon that I am a preacher, and if he should, engage me to perform the ceremony, I'll adjust matters to suit myself.

Enter, MULDOON, L., 1 E., large ax in hand.

Mul. (*sees OTTO*) Now, who's this, I wonder?

Otto. (*rises quickly*) Ah, ha, Mr. Muldoon! I see you are about to "ax" something. Do you know who I am?

Mul. Yis, who air ye?

Otto. I am the advance agent of prosperity.

Mul. Oh, how I'd loike to see yer show! An' what's yer name?

Otto. Any old thing.

Mul. Oh, what a purty name! Ye have a profishional callin', I suppose?

Otto. Yes, I am a preacher.

Mul. (*aside*) The very mon I want—a praicher! (*aloud*) What's yer religion?

Otto. I belong to the Christian Scientists. We believe that everything is imagination.

Mul. Ye do?

Otto. Yes. Now for instance, I am rich, but, of course it is only imagination.

Mul. So I perceive. (*takes OTTO's wrist*) But, whist now!

Otto. What is it?

Mul. Air ye ilegable to perform a marriage?

Otto. I think so.

Mul. Thin I have a job fer ye. Now, what will ye charge to perform the ciremony?

Otto. Ten dollars and a suit of clothes.

Mul. (*clasps OTTO's hand*) It's a bargain. Come wid me an' I'll give ye the suit in advance. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Otto. (*going*) Muldoon means business. I hope his ten dollars ain't imagination. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

Enter, KATIE, D. F., breathlessly.

Katie. Oh, dear! Everything is getting topsy turvy. Mr. Bismark is hurrying this way and so is Mrs. McGreevy. I must find papa at once and give him warning. (*exit, L., 2 E., screams*)

Re-enter, KATIE, L., 2 E., quickly, followed by MULDOON.

Mul. Shame on ye, Katie! Didn't ye see thot mon changin' his clothes?

Katie. Never mind that. Just change yourself from here before it's too late.

Mul. What do ye mane?

Katie. I mean that Mr. Bismark and Mrs. McGreevy are coming this way, and they don't look pleasant either.

Mul. What is the doochman armed wid?

Katie. The biggest horse pistol that ever kicked.

Mul. (*bewildered*) A horse pistol! Katie, I have me suspicions thot I'm goin' to a warmer climate.

Katie. Nonsense! Don't talk like that. Be a man. Remember your father was a hero.

Mul. Yis, an' he got shot, too.

Widow. (*outside D. F., gives a war whoop*) Och! och! och! whoop!

Mul. Oh, murther! (*dashes off R., 3 E.*)

Katie. Ha, ha, ha! (*runs up to window and looks off R.*) Here she comes—the Irish squaw. (*hides down beside cabinet up C.—music*)

Enter, WIDOW MCGREEVY, D. F., wears chicken feathers in her hair, has her face gorgeously painted and carries a sad iron and hatchet—she does an Indian war dance ad. lib., and exits L., 2 E.—KATIE is laughing heartily—a loud crash and yells of pain heard off L.—OTTO comes jumping out L., 2 E., the WIDOW after him, he is inside a barrel, no coat or vest on, pants rolled up high, she chases him around room ad. lib., he finally darts out D. F., she after him.

Katie. (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! I don't blame her so much for chasing the tramp, but I think she might have waited until after he had arranged his toilet.

Bis. (*outside*) Look oud! Look oud! Keep from my vay oud!

Katie. (*looks off at window*) Goodness! here comes the German army! (*conceals herself as before*)

Enter, BISMARCK, D. F., quickly, armed with a horse pistol.

Bis. Sheminy, pretzels und lager beer! I nefer run so soon in all mine life before. I vonder where ish dot man Muldoons?

Mul. (*off R.*) Here I am, ye ould kraut barrel!

Bis. (*excitedly*) Kraut barrel! Kraut barrel! Oh, I vill shoot dot Irishman full uff holiness! (*rushes off R., 3 E.*)

Katie. Ha, ha, ha! Now if Mr. Bismark don't happen to be a sharp shooter, he will never live to know it.

A hot argument is heard off R., a pistol shot—KATIE screams and jumps upon cabinet—a loud crash.

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 3 E., jumping on, MULDOON after him and chases him around room ad. lib.

Bis. Look oud mit dot ax!

Mul. (*hitting BISMARCK with ax, sending him to the floor*) Take thot! (*jumps upon chair R. C.*) Me christian name is Larry; I used to play baseball, an' begob, I'm a hard hitter! (*poses grandly*)

Enter, OTTO, L., 1 E., quickly, inside barrel.

Otto. Say, Mr. Muldoon, have I got on a hoop skirt, or is it merely imagination?

MULDOON stands in astonishment—KATIE up C., clapping her hands gleefully.

Enter, WIDOW, D. F., as curtain descends.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—BISMARCK'S Cafe—fancy interior in 3rd groove, with hall backing in 4th groove—double door C. in flat, practical doors R., 2 E., and L., 2 E.; dining-table and chairs L. C., table service on table—fancy screen up L.—TOBY discovered dusting furniture.

Toby. Gosh! but I's feelin' bad. Eber since Muldoon trounced me yestahday, I's been feelin' like a piece of pounded beefstake. Golly! If dat gal hadn't come in and stopped de rumpus when she did, I'd a been a brack angel in a short time, suah! Talk about yer football games—dey wa'n't in it at all. When ole Muldoon come ag'inst my bread basket, I thought I was up ag'inst a centre rush for suah. (L. C.)

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E., quickly, carrying a sign which reads, "Keep out! This place is rented to MULDOON."

Bis. (as he enters) Say, Toby, coom here vonce.

Toby. Yes, sah. (comes C.) Wot's de commotion?

Bis. I vant you to hang dis sign by der door oud right away off soon. (gives sign to TOBY and walks floor comically) Oh, how busy I vos! I t'ink I vill haff to hire some more helup.

Toby. Hello! wot's dis? (holds up sign and reads) "Keep Out! This place is rented to Muldoon!"

Bis. Vell, I declare, if he can't read!

Toby. S—say, boss, I doan quite understand 'bout dis heah business. Wot do it all mean?

Bis. Dot vos my pizness.

(crosses L. C.)

Toby. (crosses R. C.) I kinder fink it am my business, too. If Muldoon intends ter rent dis place, dis chile intends ter make himself scarce.

Bis. Why so? Muldoon vos all right.

Toby. Kerect, boss. He am jist a little too much "all right" ter suit my physical anatomy.

Bis. You see, Muldoon vos engaged to got himself married dis evening, und he rent mine place for der occassion. He sed dot he didn't vant nopody here oexcept der vedding peoples, und I vill haff to keep effery body else away oud, und dot's der reason vhy I make dot sign.

Toby. Look-a-heah, boss! I hope you ain't foolish 'nuff ter do Muldoon sich a favor, aftah de way he treated you yestahday, is you?

Bis. Oh, dot vos all right now. You see, Muldoon paid me dot forty dollars vone time already, but I forgot to remember about dot before it vos too late.

Toby. Well, by golly! You's a cuckoo, you is! I orter whip you myself foah gittin' me into trouble wid him. No wondah he felt like scrappin'. I kin excuse him now.

Bis. Dot vos all right. (crosses R.) Hurry up, now, und hang dot sign oud. Und vwhile I t'ink about it I guess I vill go und put a new motto on top uff der cash register.

Toby. Wot kind of a motto?

Bis. Somedings like "Honesty vos der best policy."

(exit, R., 2 E., eyeing TOBY suspiciously)

Toby. Gosh! I wondah if he eber cotched me playin' wiff de cash register? 'Spec' I'd better go it a little slow. (*holds up sign*) But say, ain't dot sign a beaut! Somehow or odder it doan read jist 'zactly right ter suit my fancy. Guess I'll hab ter change dat word Muldoon ter somefin' else. Yep, I guess I will. (*goes up stage*): I golly! when ole Muldoon reads dat sign aftah I fixes it, he won't do nuffin ter ole Bismark—oh, no! (*exit, C. D., laughing*)

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E.

Bis. I vonder vot's der matter mit mine face? I shoost took a look at der milk in der kitchen, und it begin to curdle. Now if I effer see a man uglier as vot I vos, py sheminy! I vill shoot him on der spot. (*exit, R., 2 E.*)

Enter, OTTO, C. D., attired as a shabby genteel minister, carries a bible in his hand.

Otto. Well, well, here I am at my best. No longer a tramp, but at present, a doctor of divinity, all wool and a yard wide. (*strikes a comic attitude*) Ha! don't I look religious?

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E., pistol in hand.

Bis. (*sees OTTO*) Oh, look at dot face! (*levels pistol at OTTO*) Say, dhere, oop mit your hands und say your prayers!

Otto. (*affrighted*) Robber! Thief! Murderer! Oh, what am I up against!

Bis. (*puts pistol at OTTO's face*) I shoost say to mineself dot uff I effer see a man uglier as vot I vos, I would shoot him on der spot, py sheminy!

Otto. (*with outstretched arms*) Well, sausage, if I'm uglier than you are, just pull the trigger.

Bis. See here, now. I don't vant you to call me sissage,

Otto. (*sits L. of table*) All right: I'll call you sausage.

Bis. Himmel! (*pushes OTTO's feet off table*) You vos der galliest tramp I effer did see. (*puts feet on table*)

Otto. (*rises indignantly*) Sir! How dare you call me a tramp! Don't you know that I am a preacher, sir! a doctor of divinity?

Bis. Is dot so?

Otto. Sure thing. Don't you see my gilt edged bible?

Bis. Vell, py gracious! dot beats me. Uff all der preachers vos like you, I vill go to der deffil sure. (*holds up bible*)

Otto. You needn't worry about that. It's dollars to doughnuts you won't cut any ice after you're dead.

Bis. Vot you vant here?

Otto. (*resumes his seat*) I want the earth.

Bis. Anyt'ing else?

Otto. Yes, I want a high stone wall around it, and a Humpty Dumpty like you sittin' on the wall.

Bis. (*bristles up*) Humpty Dumpty! Humpty Dumpty! Oh, you vos a villain!

Otto. You're another! I'm a hungry preacher and you will please

respect the clergy by serving me a light lunch.

Bis. Haff you got any money?

Otto. Have you got anything to eat?

Bis. Yaw.

Otto. Well, then, business is business, so trot along now and don't keep me waiting.

Bis. Vot would you like to haff?

Otto. I'll take a little of every thing.

Bis. All right, I vill got you some hash.

(starts R.

Otto. And say, I'd like a couple of eggs.

Bis. (at R., 2 E.) How you vant dhem—stewed or baked?

Otto. Neither way; I want 'em scrambled.

Bis. Two scrambled eggs! all right, I vill coom back in shoost vone minute.

(exit, R., 2 E.

Otto. Well now, this is about the funniest curiosity shop I ever got into. From what I can see, it closely resembles a charity soup house. Ha, ha! when Muldoon picked out this place for a wedding feast, he must have been off his base. (a loud crash and general uproar is heard off R., OTTO quickly jumps upon chair frightened) O, ye sinners! I wonder what that noise is?

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E.

Bis. Mine gootness! Vot vos you doing up dhere?

Otto. I was getting ready to fly. What was all that racket about?

Bis. (laughs) He, he, he! Dot vos nottings. I vos only scrambling der eggs.

(exit, R., 2 E.

Otto. Only scramblin' the eggs! Now if they don't happen to be fresh, I'll bet four dollars he brings me chicken omlet.

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E.

Bis. Oh, say, Meester, it vos too pad.

Otto. What's too bad?

Bis. Both of dhem eggs.

(exit, R., 2 E.

Otto. Oh, I'll get fat here!

(sinks into chair

Mul. (off C. D.) Where is thot dootchman?

Enter, MULDOON, C. D., highly excited, carrying sign in hand.

Mul. (discovers OTTO) Here he is!

(seizes OTTO and hurls him to floor

Otto. (yells) Stop! stop!

Mul. (recognizing OTTO) Howly Moses! It's the praicher!

(down L.

Otto. (rises) See here, old man, what are you throwing me down for? I havn't done anything.

Mul. I beg yer pardon, sur, it wor only imagination. I thought ye wor some wan else.

Otto. Is that so? Well, please don't let your imagination get the best of you again. It might cause trouble.

Mul. Have ye seen Bismarck?

Otto. Yes, he just stepped out there.

(points R.

Mul. If I get me hands on him, he'll fall out there?

(dashes across R. and runs against BISMARCK

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E., carrying a tray of dishes, etc.—MULDON and BISMARCK both fall to floor and the tray goes helter skelter.

Otto. Ha! behold the downfall of Germany and Ireland!

Mul. (*rises quickly*) Ouch! ye son-of-a-hoodoo!

(*commences kicking BISMARCK on floor*)

Bis. (*struggling to rise*) Helup! Police! Helup!

Mul. (*business*) Git up from there, ye Arab, or I'll knock ye down!

Bis. (*trying to rise*) I can't get oop. You vos kicking me down all der while!

Mul. (*jerks BISMARCK to his feet*) Ye ould kraut barrel! What do ye mane by insooltin' me?

Bis. (*puzzled*) Vot you mean?

Mul. Ye know what I mane. Jist luk at thot sign. (*puts sign at BISMARCK*) Luk at it! (*BISMARCK reads sign, then holds it up to audience—the sign now reads, "Keep out! this place is rented to a baboon!"*) —BISMARCK looks bewildered) Now, sor! what have ye to say of yer-silf?

Bis. I t'ink dot somepody vos tryin' to make foolishness mit me.

Mul. (*furiously*) Shut up!

Bis. (*jumps away*) Look oud, dhere!

Mul. Come here! (*seizes BISMARCK*) Now what made ye wroite thot sign!

Bis. I didn't do it dot vay.

Mul. I say ye did!

Bis. (*firmly*) I say, nixy, und any man vot says I wrote der truth on dot sign vos a pig liar!

Mul. I'm a lawyer! (*commences kicking BISMARCK*) 'Nuff sed! Git out of here!

(*kicks BISMARCK out R., 2 E.*)

Otto. (c.) Ah, ha! That mule is a hard kicker.

Mul. (*turns to OTTO*) I say, me bye, did ye see me soak him wid me feet?

Otto. Well, I guess I did, and I regretted it too. That little scrap knocked me out of a good fat lunch.

Mul. Don't mintion it. Thot collasion nearly knocked me out of me breath. But come, take a sate an' let us talk business. (*both sit at table*) Have ye sittled iverything fer the widding?

Otto. Oh, yes. Everything is settled except the expense account and I'll turn that over to you. By the way, did you get the wedding ring?

Mul. (*rises suddenly*) Upon me sowl! I fergot all about it.

Otto. Well, don't get excited; sit down. This silver napkin ring will answer the purpose. (*picks up napkin ring from table*)

Mul. (*sits again*) Roight ye air! An' it'll be appropriate, too. Julianna belaves in sixteen to wan, ye know.

Otto. Ahem!—yes—and the license—I suppose you got them?

Mul. (*springing to his feet*) Now will some wan bump me head? Begob, I fergot the loicense, too.

Otto. (*rises*) Well, you're a good one, I must say. I'm surprised to see you here to attend your own wedding.

Mul. Begorry, I'm surprised at mesilf. But what kin we do? The coort house is closed an' here I am widout me loicense.

Otto. Oh, I'll fix that. Just run down to the nearest book store and get a blank marriage certificate.

Mul. Yes, but who will we git to put the official seal on it?

Otto. I'll seal it with the heel of my shoe.

Mul. That's a good idea. (*goes up c.*) But, sur, I'm afeard thot wouldn't be lawful.

Otto. Any old thing is lawful in New York. Run along now, and I'll have you tangled up before you know it.

Mul. Ye air a daisy! I'll be back in a jiffy. (*exit, c. D.*)

Otto. Ha! old Muldoon has matrimony on the brain. He thinks he is going to marry Julianna, but, of course, it's only imagination. His daughter and myself have fixed up a big joke on him, and if things come our way, we'll make it warm for the old cove. Katie, the little rascal, agreed to meet me here at seven o'clock, but I'll bet she loses her nerve at the last minute and backs down.

Enter, KATIE, C. D., disguised as JULIANNA.

Katie. (*as she enters*) I'll just take that bet. Put up your money, Otto.

Otto. Well, I hope to be a millionaire, if it ain't Katie now! (*clasps her by the hands*) Think of an angel and she's sure to appear.

Katie. Say, how do I look?

(*whirls around on her heel, which causes her skirts to stand out*)

Otto. You look like a—er—parachute.

Katie. What a relief! I thought you were going to say I looked like a baboon.

Otto. Have you seen the old gentleman?

Katie. No; where is he?

Otto. I just sent him out on an errand. He'll be back directly, then we'll make ready for the ceremony.

Katie. And do you think I can fool him?

Otto. Well, I should blush to mutter. If you can't fool him, I'm a fool. By the way, what did you find out about Julianna?

Katie. Lots of things. I have been told that she is the wife of the Count and an adventuress out and out. They both intend to come here this evening and I'm afraid they will cause trouble.

Otto. Let 'em try it! and I'll make it so hot for them they'll melt in their boots.

Katie. Now what is best for me to do?

Otto. Suppose you retire to another room, and when the old man comes in, I'll bring him to you.

Katie. That will be a good plan. Papa and Julianna had a big quarrel yesterday, you know, and when you bring him in, I can pretend I am sorry and ask his pardon.

Otto. That's the ticket! Katie, you're a trump! Just keep a level head and we'll fool him to death.

Katie. You bet we will!

Toby. (*off R.*) All right, boss.

Otto. (*quickly*) Sh! some one comes! Get in here quick!

(*pushes KATIE off L., 2 E., and exits after her*)

Enter, TOBY, R., 2 E., laughing immoderately.

Toby. Golly! I nebber had so much fun since de good man put me together. Whew! Wa'n't dat sign joke a crusher on de boss? Ole Muldoon went foah him jist like a cow aftah a yaller dog, (*looks*

around) But say, I doan see no weddin' folkses 'round heah yet. Guess ebe'body must be late. (*goes up stage and looks off C. D.*) Hello! wot's dis comin'? A gal all dressed in black. I'll jist lay low an' see who she am. (*retires behind screen up L.*)

Enter, WIDOW McGREEVY, C. D., attired in mourning costume, carries whip in hand.

Widow. (*comes C., stops shortly*) Well now, this is a foine place fer a widdin', I must say! (*TOBY appears up behind screen*) So Mr. Muldoon would break his contract wid me an' marry a show actriss, would he? All roight. (*starts L.*) We'll see about thot. I howld a mortgage on Muldoon mesilf, an' whin the ciremony begins, I'll stop the auction an' gobble in me property. Thin I'll give Muldoon a horse-whippin' an' larn him a lesson niver to be fergotten. (*at L., 1 E.*) Ah! it takes a leddy tamer loike me to handle sich a bastely mon. (*exit, L., 1 E., importantly*)

Toby. (*comes from behind screen*) Say! it's kinder wa'min up 'round heah. Dat ole gal claims she holds a mortgage on Muldoon, an' she's gwine ter stop de auction. (*sniffs*) I smell trouble in de air an' I's gwine ter git in de muss, eben if I gits licked. Guess I'll pre-ambulate down de street an' fill my hide wiff water. Ha! den when I gits my habits on eber'body must be good, kase I's a bad man. (*starts up stage and meets COUNT*)

Enter, COUNT, C. D.

How d'do, sah?

Count. Good evening. Are you vone of ze servants here?

Toby. Yes, sah.

Count. Is zis de place vere Mistare Muldoon is to be married?

Toby. Yes, sah. Is you one of de weddin' folkses?

Count. Yes; I am a particular friend of both ze contracting parties.

Toby. Dat's good; jist make yourself at home. But say, boss, I'm afeard we's gwine ter hab some trouble heah dis ebenin'.

Count. Trouble?

Toby. Yes, sah. Jist a little while ago I oberheerd a woman in heah plottin' ter bust up de weddin'. She had a hoss whip in her hand an' de way she talked was a sin.

Count. Indeed! Vot did she say?

Toby. She said somefin' 'bout holdin' a mortgage on Mistah Muldoon, an' when de ceremony begins, she calkerlates ter stop de auction an' gobble in her property. Den she's gwine ter hoss whip ole Muldoon.

Count. Ah, I see! She is jealous of Mistare Muldoon and vant to make trouble for him. But she vill not succeed. I vill take good care zat she does not interfere.

Toby. Dat's right, boss, stick to it. I's gwine now ter git my habits on an' when I gits back, I'll help you out. (*starts up stage*)

Count. Stop! (*TOBY turns and comes down*) I sink I have a plan zat vill save much trouble.

Toby. Wot is it?

Count. How would you like to earn five dollars?

Toby. Fust rate.

Count. Zen listen to me. I vant you to abduct zis voman and lock her up. Zen after ze ceremony, ve vill set her free and all vill

be safe. Vot say you?

Toby. By golly, I'll do it! Gib me five dollars and I'll lock her up in de cellar wiff de rats.

Count. Good. Here is two dollars. Soon as ze deed is finished, I vill pay you ze balance.

Toby. Kerect, boss, satisfaction guarranteed. I's gwine down town now an' load up with water. (*goes up to c. d.*) When I gits back, look out foah fun. (*exit, c. d.*)

Count. Now who can zis meddling voman be? Lucky zat I am onto her game. Ah, it vould never do to have zis vedding interrupted. Upon it depends riches for me. As soon as my vife is married to ze Mistare Muldoon, zen I vill take a hand and play ze part of a wronged husband. I vill ask damages of him and he vill be fool enough to pay it. Zen Julianna and myself vill steal away under ze darkness of night, and no vone vill know anyzing of it. (*goes r.*) Ha, ha! It is ze old badger game vonce again, and dangerous as it is, I risk it. (*exit, r., 1 E.*)

Enter, MULDOON, C. D., badly used up, has a black eye, his trousers sciled and is in his shirt sleeves.

Mul. Now ain't I a swate lukin' broidegroom? Bad luck to thim Bowery kids! Somewan must a towld thim about me widdin'.

Enter, OTTO, L., 2 E.

Otto. Hello, Mul.—(*startled*) Great heavens! What have you been doin' ? (*L. C.*)

Mul. (c.) Nothin' at all. Others have been doin' me.

Otto. Where have you been?

Mul. Ye ought to know. Ye air the wan who sint me. Jist luk at me wance. Oh, murther!

Otto. (*laughs*) Ha! ha! you're a peach.

Mul. I dunno about thot, but I do know thot I got hit wid a peach.

Otto. How did it all happen?

Mul. It all happened at wance. Ye see I was passin' through the Bowery a minit ago, whin all of a sudden a gang of kids commenced guyin' me. They wer' insooltin' me about me broide, so I turned on me heels an' started back afther thim. Jist as I did so they begin to pelt me wid spiled fruit. Thin I started to run an' I soon found meself locked in firm embrace wid a copper. Down we wint to the gutter, howldin' fast to aich other. Bye'n'bye he broke loose of me an' bate me on the hid wid his club. Thin we had another skirmish an' I lost me coat gittin' away from him, an' here I am, sir, in me shirt sleeves, ready to git married.

Otto. (*laughs*) That's what I call bad luck.

Mul. Thot's what I call good luck. I escaped wid me loife.

Otto. Where's the document?

Mul. Here. (*drops a handful of torn paper into Otto's hand*)

Otto. (*puzzled*) What's this?

Mul. Thot's the marriage certificate.

Otto. You surely wasn't fool enough to let the store keeper sell you scrap paper, I hope?

Mul. No, sor; but ye see it wint through the same process thot I did.

Otto. Well, it's N. G. now. You'll have to go and get another.

Mul. Thank ye. If I have to pass through any more sich ordeals to git a marriage certificate, I belave I'll remain single.

Otto. Never mind, then, I'll go myself. But say, Mul., she is here.

Mul. Do ye mane Julianna?

Otto. Yes, and say, she's a bird!

Mul. Thin ye had bettther clip her wings afore she sees me.

Otto. Why so?

Mul. Bekase when she sees how purty I am, she is liable to fly away.

Otto. Don't worry, she'll excuse you. I'll tell her that your tailor couldn't get your coat done in time for the wedding, and you can act like you're mad about it. That will fix it all O. K.

Mul. Yis, thot's a good wan. Is she in good humor?

Otto. Sure thing! A bride is bound to be in good humor before marriage, you know.

Mul. Yis. an' afther marriage—oh, what a change takes place!

Otto. I think you had better go to her, Muldoon. She's dyin' to see you.

Mul. Where is she?

Otto. Right in there.

(points L., 2 E.)

Mul. All roight. If she's dyin' to see me, I guess I'll go in an' save her loife.

(starts L., briskly)

Otto. (pulling MULDOON back) Hold on old man. Please respect the ministry by letting me take the lead. I'll do all the talking myself, and of course she will believe me in preference to you, because I am a minister, you know, and you are a lawyer—ahem!

(exit, L., 2 E.)

Mul. (surprised) Ah! would ye moind thot now? He jist as good as called himself a George Washington, an' me a liar. (exit, L., 2 E.)

Enter, JULIANNA, C. D., letter in hand.

Jul. (comes C., and looks about) Yes, I am sure zis is ze place. (laughs) Ha, ha! Vot a charming place for a vedding—not even a carpet on ze floor. (sits at table R. C.) Oh, how I hate Muldoon! To sink zat he vould insult me wiz zis letter by inviting me here to witness his marriage wiz a voman far my superior, as he terms it. Ugh! (tears letter into fragments) He is crazy! But I'll vin over him yet. (looks about uneasily) Perhaps now, I had better call a servant and order a lunch. (covers her face with veil and taps bell on table) Zis veil vill conceal my identity.

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E.

Bis. How d'do lady? Vos you vone of der vedding peoples?

Jul. I am. Please bring me a ham sandwich and a cup of tea.

Bis. Sandvich und tea? All right; I vill be here vhen I coom back. (going R., aside) Sheminy! vot a funny dress to wear at a vedding. (exit, R., 2 E.)

Jul. (tosses veil aside) Oh, dear! How disappointed ze Count vill be to learn zat I have lost ze game. (rises) Vot can I do to vin it? (goes R.) I sink I vill look about for a moment and take in ze situation. I must vin. (exit, R., 1 E.)

Enter, WIDOW, L., 1 E.

Widow. Ah, sure'n I jist seen the widdin' party. I peeped through the key hole in the door in the room beyont an' diskivered Muldoon, his would-be-broide, an' the hobo whisperin' an' jokin' wid each other. I wonder if they suspicion anything? Begorfy, I had bettther be careful. If any wan sees me face they are sure to become frightened at the bad squint of me eye. I belave I'll cover me face wid me veil an' pretend I'm deaf an' dumb. (*covers face with veil and sits at table*) I guess I'm all roight now, pervidin' I don't talk through me veil an' strain me voice.

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E., carrying tray containing sandwich and cup of tea.

Bis. Here you vos, lady, sandvich und tea. (*places them on table*) Now if you should vant me pefore I coom back, shoost ring der bell vwhile I aint here. (*goes R.*) Ahem! (*casts a sidelong silly look at WIDOW*) Ah, dhere, lady!

(*waves hand at her and exits, R., 2 E., wreathed in smiles*)

Widow. (*tosses veil aside and looks bewildered*) Ah! now, what place is this? I belave I'm in a lunatic asylum; begorfy, the dootchmans daffy! Sure'n I ordered no lunch at all, at all. Ah! what a noice sandwich. (*eats of it*) Yum! yum! Now fer a sip o' tay. (*drains tea cup without stopping*) Ah! thot's the rale stuff. An' whata party chiny cup an' saucer! Somethin' I've been wantin' fer a long toime, too. It's moine, so it is. (*rises*) I'll jist save the balance of this sandwich until I git hungry. (*going L., holding up sandwich, cup and saucer*) Ah! I tell ye it's an ill wind thot don't blow some wan good luck.

(*exit, L., 1 E.*)

Enter, JULIANNA, R., 1 E.

Jul. Not a soul in sight. Ha! ha! I am beginning to sink zat ze Muldoon vedding vill be a fizzle, vot you call it? (*at table*) But, vwhere is my lunch? (*sits at table and covers face with veil*) I vill call ze servant again.

(*taps bell*)

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E.

Bis. Oxcuse me, but did you ring der bell vonce more?

Jul. Yes, sare. Please bring me my lunch at vonce. I am becomming impatient.

Bis. (*puzzled a moment*) Vot's dot?

Jul. I say, please serve my lunch. Have you forgotten my order?

Bis. (*scratches head*) Vhy, didn't I shoost bring it a leetle vwhile ago?

Jul. No, sare, you did not.

Bis. (*aside to audience, with surprise*) Now vot you t'ink of dot? (*aloud*) Say, lady, vos you blind?

Jul. (*rises indignantly*) Sare! how dare you insult me!

Bis. Oh, dot vos all right; you can't fool me. I bring you dot lunch und you know it.

Jul. (*crosses R.*) You did nossing of ze kind. I sink you are trying to rob me.

Bis. (L. C.) Nixy! It vos der odder vay, und I vant some money

right away off quick.

Jul. Bah! I vill pay you nossing.

Bis. See here, now, I mean pizness. Pay me or I vill got you arrested.

Jul. Be careful, sare! Ef you attempt anysing like zat, I vill have you caged for trying to obtain money by false pretense. Do you understand me, you old teutonic impostor? (*trembling with rage*) Ugh! (*exit, R., 1 E., enraged*)

Bis. Oh, vot a goot natured voman! Der man vot she marries vill need a shoot gun. (*looks at table*) Sheminy! Effry t'ing vos gone includin' der cup und saucer. Vell, dot peats me! She vos so hungry she eat der whole pizness. Pelieve me I vill took der sugar bowl away—(*takes sugar bowl and goes R.*) she might coom back. (*exit, R., 2 E*)

Toby. (*outside C. D., singing, air—"a hot old time"*)

"Dar will be a hot ole time ter night,
Eb'rybody come prepared ter hab a fight;
Oh, when I sees dat gal in brack, I'll steal her right,
Dar'll be a hot time in dis place ter night."

Enter, TOBY, C. D., grining.

Say! ain't I a nice kidnappah? I feels jist like I could carry away a brick house wiffout strainin' a muscle. I wondah whare dat bad woman am? Nobody seems ter be stirrin' 'bout. Guess I'll hide away an' wait foah de turn of de tide. (*retires behind screen, L.*)

Enter, WIDOW, L., 1 E.

Widow. Oh, dear! What ails me, I dunno? The more I think about Larry marryin' this Frinch woman, the worse it makes me fale. (*sits at table*) Afther all, Larry is no bad mon. True he has his faults, but thin he's not all to blame. Oh, dear! (*weeps*) I wish now, thot I hadn't insulted him. Thin I moight a been a happy young broide this avenin' meself. (*sobs*) Oh—oh—oh, dear! (*face in her hands*)

Toby. (*comes from behind screen*) Poor ole gal! I know she feels bad, but I kan't help dat. I's got ter do my duty. (*cautiously*) Now foah de fatal blow. (*quickly seizes WIDOW, she screams, TOBY becomes frightened and dashes out C. D.—as he exits*) Lawd a'marcy!

Widow. (*bewildered*) W-what wor thot?

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E.

Bis. Sheminy! Vot a noise!

Widow. (*sees BISMARCK*) Oh, luk at him! (*WIDOW starts after BISMARCK, she chases him around room ad. lib.*) Ye would-be abductor! (*striking him with whip*) Take thot! an' thot! and thot! (*business*)

Bis. (*after each blow*) I got it! I got it! I got it!

Work this business up ad. lib.—BISMARCK finally dashes out R., 2 E., and slams the door in WIDOW'S face.

Widow. (flinches) Ouch! He give me a shut out. Mebbe, now, he's had enough. But what does it all mane? Why should the Doochman attmpt to stale me? Begorry, he ought to know thot I'm no portable fixture. (*struts L. gallantly*) Ah! it takes mean' me little whip to conquer sich a bastely crayture. (*exit, L., 1 E.*)

Enter, TOBY, C. D., cautiously, large razor in hand.

Toby. Whare am dat gal wiff dat pow'ful voice? (*looks around*) By golly! she's gone. But jist wait; when I sees her ag'in, I'll steal her sure, kase I's got my battle ax now. Whiz! (*flourishes razor*) Say! ain't I de crookiect crook you eber seed? (*strikes an easy attitude*)

Enter, MULDOON, L., 2 E.

Mul. Now if I only had me coat—(*sees TOBY*) Ah! luck at the naygur!

Toby. How d'do, Irish?

Mul. Tut! tut! me bye, don't call me Irish. I'm a Hibernian. But what air ye doin' wid thot razor?

Toby. I's lookin' foah trouble.

Mul. Indade? (*pulls up his sleeves*) Well, am I the wan ye're lukin' fer?

Toby. (retreats) No, sah, 'deed you ain't. I got a plenty from you when I came aftah dat forty dollars dat time.

Mul. 'Thin who air ye lukin' fer?

Toby. Some gal wot's tryin' ter bust up yer weddin'. Yer see I oberheerd wot she said, so I tole a man 'bout it an' he hired me ter kidnap her. I had her a minute ago, but I wa'nt quite prepared ter hold her.

Mul. Ye don't tell me! Wor ye acquainted wid the mon?

Toby. No, sah. He jist said he was yer friend, an' he did'n keer 'bout habin' yer weddin' spiled by a woman.

Mul. An' ye're goin' to kidnap her, air ye?

Toby. Yes, sah.

Mul. Begorry, ye're a brave b'ye. Here's foive dollars fer ye. (*gives money*) Soon as ye finish the job, I'll give ye foive more. (*goes up stage*) Do yer worrek well an' don't let the bad woman get away.

Toby. All right, boss.

Mul. An' by the way, I want ye to do me another favor.

Toby. Wot is it?

Mul. Git some roice, an' whin the praicher ties the knot, I want ye to shower me mid the cereal. Thot will give me good luck, ye know.

Toby. Kerect, boss. I's yer handy man.

Mul. I'm goin' down the strate now an' git mesilf some wearin' apparel. I'll be back directly, an' whin ye complate yer juty, ye shall be well remimbered. (*exit, C. D.*)

Toby. (laughs) By golly! Ole Muldoon am a fust class man aftah all. Jist look at de money! Whew! If dis business keeps up I'll soon hab ernuff ter start a crap game. But now, 'bout dat woman. I'll hide behind de screen an' lay foah her. (*retires behind screen. L.*)

Enter, JULIANNA, C. D., face veiled.

Jul. (comes c., tosses veil aside) I just passed Muldoon, but luckily he did not recognize me. Ha! ha! he looked too funny for anysing—more like a tramp zan a bridegroom.

Toby. (up behind screen—aside) Now look out foah trouble!

Cautiously comes from behind screen and stealthily creeps up behind JULIANNA.

Jul. But where can I go to pass ze time away until ze vedding occurs?

(TOBY quickly seize JULIANNA and throws veil over her face, she screams)

Toby. Jist go wiff me!

TOBY drags JULIANNA off L., 1 E., trying to suppress her screams—BISMARCK peeps in R., 2 E.—he looks about sharply, then disappears.

Enter, COUNT, C. D., document in hand.

Count. (c.) Now I sink zat I make a lucky find. In ze next room I find zis document carelessly laid among some old papers. It be vone deed to some valuable property belonging to Mistare Bismarck. I sink I vill keep it, it might be of some value to me. *(pockets deed)*

Enter, KATIE, L., 2 E., in disguise.

Katie. Oh, my dear Count, good evening.

Count. Ah, Julianna, I am delighted to see you. How happy you make me indeed. To sink zat you risk zis bold game of marriage all for me.

Katie. Oh, zat is nossing. I risk anysing for you, you know. *(fondly touches him under the chin, he turns away abashed—aside)* Oh, ain't I bad?

Count. But Julianna, ve must be careful.

Katie. (earnestly) Yes sare, ve must be careful.

(winks at audience)

Count. Now listen to my plan. After ze ceremony I vill tell Muldoon zat you are my wife and I vant you to verify my statement. I vill pretend he has wronged me and demand damages of him. Zen soon as he pays it ve vill steal away from here forever. Ha! ha! *(elated)* Is not ze game a good vone?

Katie. (elated) Magnificent! Splendid! *(aside)* Scrumptious!

Count. (uneasy) I sink now I had better go. *(starts R.)*

Katie. Yes, sare, I sink you had better go.

Count. Ah, Julianna, good luck! Adieu. *(exit, R., 1 E.)*

Katie. Now ain't I glad I'm here. I learned something. I see now why Julianna is so anxious to marry papa. It's a put up game to rob him of his dollars.

Enter, OTTO, L., 2 E.

Otto. Ah, ha, Katie! What now?

Katie. Good luck, Otto. I just met the Count here. He thought I was his wife and exposed the whole plot.

Otto. Ha! that's good. Just keep cool, Katie, and we'll find 'em

out.

*(goes up stage)**Katie.* Where are you going?*Otto.* Out on business. Take that *(throws kiss at KATIE)* and compose yourself until I return. Ahem! *(exit, C. D.)**Katie. (laughs)* What a giddy preacher! Papa thinks he is a minister, but of course, it is only imagination. *(exit, L., 2 E.)**Enter, WIDOW, C. D.**Widow.* What delays the widdin', I dunno? I've been lukin' fer a good hidin' place, but divil a location kin I foind. Ah! now, what's the matther wid this fancy business? *(examines screen up L.)* Sure I kin hide behind it an' no wan will diskiver me. I'll do it.*(goes behind screen)**Enter, MULDOON, C. D., he has on a bicycle sweater and wears a dinky little cap.**Mul. (poses comically)* Ah, ha! What do ye think o' me now? Ain't I a lulu? I jist bought this outfit fer sixty cints out of a pawn shop. There's nothin' chape about me. *(struts about import intly)**Widow. (up behind screen—aside)* Begorry, he must be lukin' fer a hot toime wid thot sweater on.*Mul.* If the widdy cud only see me now, she'd git dizzy.*Widow. (same as before)* Roight ye air! Thot costume is enough to make wan's hid swim.*Mul.* Poor widdy! She's all roight in her way, but the trouble is, she don't weigh much.*Widow. (as before)* Indade! Well ye'll think I weigh a plin'y. bye 'n bye.*Mul.* I belave I'll go now, an' paralyze Julianna wid me costume. She can't help but admire it. Oh, I tell ye, I kin luk purty whin I want to. *(exit, L., 2 E.)**Widow.* Ah! his face would break a tin dollar bill. Now thot he has a sweater, I suppose he'll be larnin' to roide a wheel nixt! Thin I pity the wheelmon who comes in contact wid him. He's so tacky, he'll puncture their tires. *(disappears behind screen)**Enter, TOBY, L., 1 E.**Toby.* Well, I's got dat gal wiff a brack veil locked up at last. *(WIDOW appears up behind screen and puts hand to ear and listens)* Whew! *(wipes perspiration from brow)* Dat was a mean job. Guess I'll go to de kitchen now an' git some rice. I want's ter see Muldoon hab good luck. *(exit, R., 2 E.)**Widow.* Now what did he say about lockin' up a girrel wid a black veil? *(unconcerned)* Somehow or other, I've niver been locked up yit.*Enter, OTTO, C. D.**Otto.* Well, I'm back. Now what did I do with that document? *(searching pockets)* Oh, yes, I remember now.*(sits at table and removes one of his shoes)**Widow. (hand to nose—aside)* Whew! It's a wonder thot mou

wouldn't bathe his fate.

Otto. (*takes certificate from shoe*) Ah! here it is, sweet as eau de cologne.

Widow. (*same as before*) Whew! I wish I had the catarah.

Otto. (*puts on shoe*) Muldoon had such tough luck with the other one, so I thought I'd hold this one down. (*rises*) I wonder where—

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 2 E.

Bis. Say—

Otto. Why, how d'do, sausage! I was just thinking of you.

Bis. Now please, don't call me sissage.

Otto. All right, I'll call you sausage. Kindly help me move this table. We need more room for the wedding.

Bis. Und vos der vedding to be in here?

Otto. That's Muldoon's orders. Right after the ceremony he wants to be near the table, you know. Give me a hand.

Bis. Yaw.

(*they move table up R.*)

Otto. Thanks. Now how would you like to be a silent witness to this wedding?

Bis. Dot vould suit me bully.

Otto. All right. Just get up here.

OTTO places BISMARCK sitting on back of chair, R. of table, elevates BISMARCK'S right arm and places his left hand over his heart.

Otto. There now, keep that position until after the ceremony, and I'll give you five dollars—maybe. (*exit, L., 2 E., smiling*)

Bis. (*steady position*) He vill giff me five tollars—maybe! I vonder if dis vos a game of chance?

Widow. (*points at BISMARCK*) Oh, luk at the dummy! (*laughs*) He, he, he! I wish I had a bad egg.

Enter, OTTO, L., 2 E., followed by MULDOON and KATIE, arm in arm—they go up stage, MULDOON R. C., OTTO C. and KATIE L. C.

Otto. (*as he enters*) This way, please. Just follow me and be happy. (*sounds floor with foot*) This seems like a solid spot. I guess we'll proceed.

Mul. (*sees BISMARCK*) Ah, what's thot?

(*stealthily creeps toward BISMARCK*)

Otto. (*pulling him back*) Sh! Don't disturb him. He's a silent witness.

Mul. An' is he aloive?

Otto. No, he's only surviving.

Mul. Julianna, give me a pin.

Katie. (*laughs*) A pin?

Mul. Yes, I want to see him dance the houchee couchee.

Otto. Never mind him, just listen to me. Ahem!

(*business of clearing throat*)

Mul. Here, (*offers flask of liquor*) take a sip o' this. It'll stop the ticklin' in yer throat.

Otto. (*feigns offense*) Tut! tut! I'm not here to be insulted.

Mul. All roight, thin—I am.

(*about to take a swig*)

Katie. (*seizes bottle and throws it away*) Mistare Muldoon! Shame

on you!

Widow. (aside) Begorry, she's a leddy afther all!

Otto. Attention now! (opens bible) Join hands. (MULDOON and KATIE join hands) Julianna, do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband? Will you promise to spend all the money he gives you, and will you learn to ride a wheel? Will you go out shopping eight hours each day and leave your husband at home to care for the children? Do you promise all this?

Katie. I do.

(MULDOON sighs)

Otto. Mr. Muldoon, do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife? Will you cook your own breakfast, and when your mother-in-law pays you a visit, will you give up your bed and sleep in the attic? And will you further promise to grant your wife a divorce if she should become dissatisfied, and will you pay her alimony? Do you agree to this?

Mul. (hesitatingly) Y-y-yes.

Otto. Then by the authority invested in me, I pronounce you man and wife. Amen.

(closes bible)

Widow. (aside) Now that's what I call woman's roights?

Bis. (without changing position) Say, dere, giff me dot five tollars!

Otto. Ha! maybe.

Enter, TOBY, R., 2 E., quickly.

Toby. (dashing a handful of flour in MULDOON'S face) Good luck, Mistah Muldoon!

Mul. (excited) Howly Moses!

Toby. (same biz to BISMARCK) Same ter you, dutchy!

(darts out L., 1 E.)

Bis. (jumping down) Sheminy Christmas! (dashes out R., 2 E.)

Enter, COUNT, R., 1 E.—quickly springs on.

Count. (wildly) Stop ze vedding! Stop it!

Otto. What's the matter with you?

Count. I am ruined. See! Mistare Muldoon (points to KATIE) vot you have done! (down R.)

Mul. (rubbing his eyes) I can't see—bad luck to the naygur!

Otto. Well, what has he done?

Count. He has married my wife.

Mul. (bristles up) What's thot?

Otto. (to COUNT) You're a fool!

Count. I speak ze truth. (to KATIE) Julianna, are you not my wife?

Katie. (L. c.) Not guilty! (removes wig quickly) I'm Katie Muldoon. (bends back gracefully and laughs)

Count. Ze devil!

(dashes off R., 1 E.)

Mul. (bewildered) Great hivens! It's Katie!

(R.)

Widow. (coming L., from behind screen—aside) Limpin' Lucifer! He has married his own daughter.

(L.)

Mul. (sees WIDOW) Now I wonder who she is?

Otto. How goes it, Muldoon?

Mul. I belave I have an imagination. Begorry, I'm a wilted shirt.

Widow. (tosses veil aside) Yes, an' begorry, I'm the laundriss thot kin do ye up! (raises whip aloft and rushes at MULDOON)

Mul. (business) Kape away from me!

Widow. Niver a bit! (*vigorously applies whip to MULDOON'S back, he yells with pain*) Now have ye an imagination?

Business, KATIE and OTTO hold fast to WIDOW, and try to suppress her, lively business.

Enter, TOBY, C. D., quickly.

Toby. (sees situation) Good golly! (*throws up both hands*) I kid-napped de wrong gal! (*business*)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT III.

SCENE.—WIDOW MCGREEVY'S mansion—fancy interior in 3rd groove, with hall backing in 4th groove.; double door c. in flat—all entrances open, heavy portier curtains hung at door c.; white statue pedestal outside door c.; fancy foot stool R. of door c.; fancy table against flat L. of door c.; chairs R. and L. of table; organ and stool L., 2 E.; divan R. C.; fur rugs on floor.

Enter, TOBY, C. D., at rise of curtain.

Toby. Well now, mebbe yer finks I ain't in clovah. Since de wider McGreevy got her big fortune from Ireland, she moved up heah amongst de swell foah hundred, an' hired me as her starserbant. I tell yer, she's fixed mighty cozy now, an' I's got a fine job, too, I only has ter work twenty-foah hours a day, an' out of dat I gits ter sleep eight hours between de ticks of de clock. (*grins*) Ain't I lucky?

Enter, WIDOW, L., 3 E.

Widow. Toby, is thot ye?

Toby. Yes, mum. Wot's de mattah?

Widow. I'm in a bad muddle.

Toby. Wot erbout?

Widow. Well, ye know I intend to give a noice masquerade this avenin'.

Toby. (looks straight ahead, listening eagerly and blinking his eyes) Ugh, huh?

Widow. An' of coorse, me guests will naturally expect me to entertain thim a bit.

Toby. Yes missy. Dat's wot dey is comin' foah.

Widow. Exactly, but what on airth kin I do to amuse inywan?

Toby. Why, jist act natural. I fink dat orter tickle 'em?

Widow. No, no! I maue what artistic method kin I use thot will plaze thim?

Toby. (scratches head) Well, kain't yer play on de organ?

Widow. Dival a note kin I play at all. Now if I only cud—

Toby. (interruptingly) Say, missy, 'scuse me fer interruptin', but I finks I kin help yer out.

Widow. How?

Toby. Suppose I go down de street an' git a hand organ?

Widow. A hand organ? Air ye crazy?

Toby. No, mum, I hain't. Now as I was sayin', I'll git a hand-organ, coom up heah wiff it an' git behind dat organ. (*points to organ*) Den when de folkes axes yer to play, you kin set at de organ an' make a big bluff, an' I'll be hided behind de organ doin' all de playin', an' no one will cotch on but wot you's a real musician. How's dat?

Widow. (*elated*) Illegant! Magnifinus! Sure, I niver would a thought of sich a deception. But whare kin ye git a hand organ?

Toby. Ole blind Sam on de next corner has got one. Mebbe, fer a small loan, I kin borry it.

Widow. Do so at wance. Here's two dollars. (*gives coin*) Thot ought to be sufficient.

Toby. Golly, yes. I kin buy a pipe organ wiff dat much.

(*starts up stage*)

Widow. Wait a minute!

Toby. (*turns and comes down*) Yes, mum; wot is it?

Widow. Perhaps I had bettther give ye a few instructions first. Now whin I am ready fer ye to play, I'll laugh somethin' loike this—he! he! he! an' fer hivens sake don't ye play a note until I do go he! he! he! or it will spile iverything.

Toby. Yes, mum. When you go, "he! he! he!" dat's when I commence ter turn de crank.

Widow. Yis.

Toby. All right, missy. (*goes up to c. d.*) When you go, he! he! he!—

(*bursts out laughing, exit, c. d.*)

Widow. Now I fale much bettther. I wor so puzzled to know how I cud intertain me guests; but thanks to Toby, I'm fully prepared now. Oh, won't Muldoon be deloighted whin he hears me play? Sure, he'll have a spasm over mé beautiful music.

Enter, COUNT, C. D., he wears a short fashionable beard.

Count. I beg of your pardon, madame—

Widow. Good avenin', sur. (*funny bow—aside*) I wonder who he is?

Count. I just met vone of ze servants in ze hall, and he directed me to enter.

Widow. Thot's all roight, sur. Ye air quite ixcusable. Won't ye take a sate?

Count. I sink not. My time here is ver' precious. You see ze fact is, I have been sent here by Mistare Bismarck to settle—

Widow. Ah, yis, I understand. Mr. Bismarck has sint ye to collect the money fer this property thot I bought of him t'other day?

Count. Exactly.

Widow. All roight. Ye see I agreed to pay him foive thousand dollars fer the place, but somehow, he couldn't foind the deed at thot toime, so I towld him whin he could projuce the deed, I'd hand the money to him.

Count. So he informed me. But luckily, he found ze deed among some ole papers and here it is.

(*gives deed*)

Widow. Indade?

(*examines it*)

Count. I sink you vill find it correct, madame.

Widow. Kerect wid a "K." Now sor, air ye sure thot ye have

legal authority to transact this business?

Count. Certainly, madame.

Widow. (*eyeing him sharply*) Honest truth?

Count. Upon my honor.

(*bows modestly*)

Widow. Very well thin, I'll wroite ye a check.

(*goes up stage, sits at table and writes check*)

Count. (*R. C.—aside*) Good! She nibbles ze bait like a hungry fish.

Widow. (*comes down*) Here ye air, sur.

(*gives check*)

Count. Ah, sank you, madame.

Widow. (*highly elated*) Don't mintion it. I wor poor wance mesilf.

(*struts up R., grandly*)

Count. Must you leave me, madame?

Widow. (*up L.*) Yis, I must go an' put a mask on me face afore the masqueraders aroive. Au revoir—over the river. (*exit, L., 3 E.*)

Count. (*laughs*) Ha, ha! She must put a mask on her face! I don't sink she needs vone. (*goes up R.*) Five thousand dollars! Honest truth? Upon my honor! Ha, ha, ha! (*exit, R., 3 E.*)

Enter, KATIE, C. D., dressed as the Goddess of Liberty.

Katie. (*comes c.*) At last the war with Spain is at an end and I have remembered the Maine.

Enter, OTTO, R., 3 E., dressed as a Spaniard.

Otto. (*as he enters*) Ha! that's nothing. When I curried my mule this morning, I remembered the "mane" myself.

Katie. Where did you come from? I thought I ordered every Spaniard wiped out of existance.

Otto. So you did. But you see, I kept myself out of wiping reach.

Katie. What did you Spaniards do when Dewey took Manilla?

Otto. We tumbled into the ocean and took water.

Katie. Is that you, Otto?

Otto. Is that you, Katie?

Katie. Yes. (*both laugh and remove their masks*) I thought I knew you. How do you like my costume?

Otto. It's a winner every time?

Katie. What do you know?

Otto. I think I have seen the Count. He had on a pair of whiskers.

Katie. Then something must be up. Just as I came in, I noticed Julianna standing in the hall.

Otto. Then something is up. They wouldn't come here without a purpose; and we must find out what it is, too.

Katie. But how can we?

Otto. I think I know. How would you like to pose as a statue?

Katie. Me?

Otto. Yes, you can do it. I'll put you behind those curtains, (*points C. D.*) and you can pose as the Goddess of Liberty.

Katie. And then what?

Otto. Well, if the Count and Julianna come in here and attempt anything desperate, you will be in a position to see everything; then you can give me a signal and we'll go for 'em.

Katie. I'd be willing to try it, only I'm afraid.

Otto. What of?

Katie. Someone might recognize me and then that would spoil everything.

Otto. You're foolish. Just come with me and I'll show you how the trick is done.

(takes KATIE up stage and places her on pedestal behind curtains, C. D.)

Otto. (steps aside, admiringly) Ah, ha! Now you're it.

Katie. Yes, I think I am it. If anyone runs against me, I'll be a broken statue.

Otto. Now do you think you can keep that position?

Katie. I'm scared to say.

Otto. Remember, you mustn't move a muscle.

Katie. What! Can't I even chew my gum?

Otto. Well, I guess not. And you mustn't chew the rag with any one either.

Katie. (disgusted) Oh, dear! Then please tell me, what can I do?

Otto. You can do anything you like, only don't breathe.

Katie. (sighs) Oh, what a snap! (WIDOW is heard singing off L.)

Otto. (quickly) Sh! Here comes the widow. Brace up now, and pose gracefully. (KATIE drops her head and poses awkwardly)

Otto. (goes R. C., disgusted) Oh, what a graceful statue!

Enter, WIDOW, L., 3 E., face masked, singing a comic song.

Ah, ha! Mrs. McGreevy, good evening.

Widow. (stops shortly) Sor! How do ye know who I am?

Otto. Why, by your sweet toned voice and your attractive appearance, of course. (bows to her)

Widow. (removes mask) Begorry, ye're a good guesser. (looks at OTTO and laughs) He! he! he! (suddenly puts hand to mouth—aside) Now I wonder if Toby heard that? (looks toward organ, L.)

Otto. By the way, Mrs. McGreevy, I have brought you a nice present.

Widow. Indade? An' what is it?

Otto. A grand statue of the Goddess of Liberty.

Widow. How koind of ye; an' whare is it?

Otto. There. (points C. D.)

Widow. (turns and sees KATIE, clasps her hands in bewilderment) Ah! what a beautiful statue! It's simply magnifinus! (turns to OTTO) Sure, an' it must be an angel.

Katie. (aside) If I only were, I'd fly this instant.

Otto. (smiling) Ain't she a peach?

Widow. Begorry, she's swater thin a ripe persimmon. (advances toward KATIE) Sure, I'm deloighted—

She touches KATIE's right arm, KATIE screams; WIDOW screams, and rushes off L., 3 E., KATIE quickly closes the curtains in front of her, OTTO looks puzzled.

Otto. Great scott, Katie! (quickly goes to C. D.) What's the matter with you? (trying to pull curtains apart)

Katie. (behind curtains, unseen) Well, I couldn't help it. She pinched the vaccination mark on my arm.

Otto. Ha! I thought mebbe she was sonnding you with a pin. (faces audience) I think I had better see the old woman and explain

matters. (*going*) If I don't, she'll come back here and pulverize that statue into marble dust, sure. (*exit, L., 3 E.*)

Katie. (*peeping out between curtains*) Now what did he say about marble dust? Oh, this statue business is a little too rocky to suit my fancy. (*vanishes—TOBY heard off R. playing mouth organ*)

Enter, TOBY, R., 3 E., *playing, comes C., plays a moment, then stops and grins.*

Toby. Ain't dat melodious music? (*laughs*) I golly! Now I's ready foah de organ recital; an' when de wider goes he! he! he! I's gwine ter go— (*commences playing, goes L., and gets behind organ*)

Enter, MULDOON, R., 3 E., *dressed as a Turk, carrying mask in hand—comes C.*

Mul. Now, if I'm not mistaken, I jist heerd a Dago playin' a hand organ. Bad luck to thim Atalion organ grinders! Wan toime a Dago lost his monkey an' thin he tried to stale me. Bogorry, he thought I wor the missin' liuk. An' by the way, thot remoids me—I belave I'll mask me face. (*puts on his mask*)

Enter, WIDOW, L., 3 E.

Widow. (*sees MULDOON, aside*) Ah, now, who's thot, I wonder?

Mul. (*recognizes her, aside*) Sure, it's the widdy. I'll have some fun wid her. (*aloud*) Good avenin' madam.

Widow. Good avenin, sur.

(L. C.)

Mul. (R. C.) Don't call me sur. Plaze call me majesty.

Widow. Indade?

Mul. Yes, mum. Ye see, I'm the Sooltan of Turkey,

Widow. Ah! yis, ye have been insooltin' the turkey.

Mul. No, no! Who said inything about insooltin' the turkey?

Widow. Why, didn't ye?

Mul. Truly, I did not. I said I wor the Sooltan of Turkey. I'm the mon thot led the Turks whin they slaughtered the Armanians.

Widow. Well, upon me sowl!

Mul. No, it wor upon the battle field.

Widow. An' why did ye lave Turkey?

Mul. Bekase I cudn't bring it wid me. Ye see, I'm on the lukout fer a woife, an' larnin' thot Ameriky wor full of rich young heiresses; I journeyed this way.

Widow. Thin I suppose somewan sent ye here?

Mul. Yis, I heerd ye were on the market. Now about how much air ye worth?

Widow. Two hundred thousand dollars.

Mul. Two hundred thousand dollars! Oh, what a Klondyke!

Toby. (*bobs up behind organ*) Gosh! I wish she'd go he! he! he! (*bobs down*)

Mul. (*aside*) Yum! yum! I think I'll stake me claim at wance.

Widow. I am not only rich, but I have artistic qualities as well.

Mul. Indade? An' what kin ye do?

Widow. I'm a celebrated organist.

Mul. An' kin ye raly play the organ?

Widow. Kin I? (*struts L., sits at organ, turns to MULDOON and smiles*) Well, I should smoile! (*laughs*) He! he! he!

TOBY commences playing, WIDOW pretends she is playing—MULDOON is delighted—burlesque this scene and work it up ad. lib.—music ceases.

Widow. (*rises and comes c.*) Now, how's thot?

Mul. It wor all roight, only—

Widow. Well?

Mul. I noticed thot whin ye hit the bass notes, the organ sounded supranny.

Widow. (*slightly annoyed*) Yis, yer Majesty, but ye see—ye see, this is a Chinaze organ, (*brightening up*) an' it's made hind ind furnist. (*laughs*) He! he! he!

TOBY commences playing, WIDOW rushes to organ and plays, MULDOON jumps upon divan in astonishment—TOBY comes from behind organ, playing mouth organ, crosses up and exits R., 3 E.—WIDOW jumps up horrified, hastily goes up stage and exits, L., 3 E., quickly.

Mul. (*laughs*) Ah, ha! Shoot the cilebrated organist! (*steps down from divan*) Now ain't this worreld a decaitful wan? Sure, the viddy kin play upon a wash board all roight, but begorry, she can't play upon a Chinaze organ. (*starts up stage*)

Enter, OTTO. L., 3 E., and meets MULDOON.

Otto. Hurrah, Muldoon! Is that you?

Mul. I dunno who I am. Ye see, I jist kim out of a musical trance.

Otto. A trance, eh? Now that reminds me of the dream I had last night.

Mul. Is thot so?

Otto. Yes, I suppose you remember the ten dollars you promised me for performing your marriage ceremony, don't you?

Mul. Yis.

Otto. Well sir, last night I actually dreamed that you paid me every cent of it. Ahem! (*casts a funny, sidelong glance at MULDOON*)

Mul. (*looking straight ahead soberly*) Well now, thot's good! Imagination, ye know, is betther thin nothin'.

Otto. (*sighs*) Oh, yes.

(*turns his pockets inside out and looks cressfallen*)

Mul. I suppose ye air lakin' fer a good toime this avenin'?

Otto. No; I'm looking for a man with black whiskers. Have you seen him?

Mul. No, but I jist seen a black naygur wid a mouth organ.

Otto. By the way, Muldoon, can you pretend that you're real drunk?

Mul. I kin if ye'll give me enough whiskey.

Otto. No, no! I don't mean that.

Mul. Thin what do ye mave?

Otto. I mean, can you drink a small amount and pretend you have a tremendous jag. You see, a certain party intends to load you full to-night for a bad purpose, and if you don't keep a level head, you'll regret it.

Mul. Dival a wance will I! Sure, in anywan loads me, up, I'll thank 'em fer it.

Otto. All right, go ahead. (*going R.*) When you come out of the

mill and find yourself a badly used man, you'll then wish you had taken my advice. Ta, ta, Mr. Wise Man! *(exit, R., 1 E.)*

Mul. Now I wonder what he manes? The idea of any wan loadin' me up fer a bad purpose! But I'll be on the lookont jist the same. Begorry, I'll git meself a bottle of cowl'd tay an' raise the divil. Whoroo! *(staggeres about and exits L., 1 E.)*

Enter, TOBY, R., 3 E., dressed as an Indian, carries a tomahawk in his hand and has a card pinned to his coat, which reads "Drop a nickel in the slot."

Toby. *(giving a war whoop as he enters)* Whoop, la! *(funny dance)* Bad Injun hate pale face! Wow! wow! *(stops suddenly and laughs)* Golly! Ain't I de darkest red skin you eber seed? Now I's gwine ter hab some fun. *(stands upon foot stool R. of C. D.)* I'll jist stood up heah like dis, *(poses)* an' make de folkses believ I's one ob dem Injun cigar signs.

Enter, COUNT and JULIANNA, R., 3 E.

Count. *(sees TOBY)* Ah, vot is zis?

Jul. It looks like a statue.

Count. Vot a meeserable piece of vork! *(pinches TOBY)*

Toby. *(aside)* Ouch!

Jul. Ha, ha! It is ze ugliest statue I ever beheld.

COUNT and JULIANNA, come down C. and remove their masks—KATIE peeps on between curtains, C. D.

Toby. *(aside)* Oh, I doan' know! You folkses ain't hurt wiff beauty.

Count. I say, Julianna—

Jul. Vell?

Count. Ve are alone, I hope?

Jul. I sink so.

Toby. *(aside)* Yep! We's all alone.

Katie. *(aside)* Not even a mouse stirring!

Count. Perhaps, zen, I had better give you zis check.

(produces check)

Jul. A good idea. It might save trouble.

Count. You are right. Vhen Mistare Bismarck learns zat ze vidow has ze deed in her possession, he is sure to investigate.

Jul. And if ze vidow tells him you gave her ze deed and ze check is found on you—

Count. I vill be in ze hole, vot you call it? Here, take ze check. *(gives check)* To-morrow morning ve vill leave for Montreal.

Katie. *(aside)* Ah! that accounts for the missing deed.

Jul. Now, my dear, I sink ve should be satisfied. Suppose ve leave here at vonce.

Count. Not so soon. I have yet anoizzer deed to accomplish.

Jul. Vot is it?

Count. It is zis, Muldoon is here to-night, and I am sure he has money on his person.

Jul. Vell?

Count. Vell, it is my aim to engage wiz him in a game of cards.

Of course he vill drink and I vill encourage him on. Zen after I put him to sleep, I vill relieve him of his money.

Jul. Don't you be too sure of it. He isn't so easily fooled.

Count. Bah! he is soft. I vill handle him like a kitten.

Jul. Ef you do, ze law vill handle you.

Count. (*conceitedly*) Yes it vill—nit!

Toby. (*sneezes aloud*) Atchoo!

Count. Ah!

(*exit, COUNT and JULIANNA, L., 1 E., frightened—KATIE vanishes*)

Toby. Gosh! I skeerd 'em away. Jist when he said "nit," a genuine nit flew up my nose, an' I had ter sneeze out loud.

Mul. (*off L.*) Whoroo! Git out of me way.

Toby. (*looks L.*) Fer goodness sake! Heah comes Mistah Muldoon full as a Turk. Now I'll hab a circus. (*poses as before*)

Enter, MULDOON, L., 3 E., carrying a flask of cold tea in his hand and feigning intoxication.

Mul. (*staggers C.*) Well now, I'm drunk—ic—in me moind. (*smiles and sobs up*) Should anywan try to load me up, I'll persist in drinkin' this cowl'd tay an' kape a clear moind. Begorry, I'm no fool. (*starts up stage and sees TOBY*) Yah! (*quickly comes C., looking mysteriously*) Now I wonder, have I got em? (*cautiously goes up and examines TOBY*) No, it's only a slot mashine. I belave I'll drop a nickel in the slot an' try me luck. (*puts coin in TOBY's mouth*) Mebbe I'll git—(*TOBY quickly strikes MULDOON on top of head with tomahawk, sending him to the floor, TOBY immediately resumes position as before and looks soberly—MULDOON jumps up quickly and comes C., pressing his hands to head*) Howly Moses! I belave I'm scalped. (*rubs head vigorously*)

Enter, BISMARCK, R., 1 E., briskly.

Bis. Say, Irish, vots der matter mit you?

Mul. I'm paralized, so I am.

(*business*)

Bis. (*smiles*) Vell now, dot vos too pad.

(*winks at audience*)

Mul. I differ wid ye. It's nothin' bad at all.

Bis. Vell dhen, vot vos it?

Mul. Why, ye see, I jist struck good luck—I mane it struck me, an' me brain is in a whirl, thot's all.

Bis. Goot luck, eh?

Mul. Yis. (*aside*) Now watch me fool him. (*aloud*) Say, dutchy?

Bis. Vell?

Mul. Do you see thot Injun?

(*points to TOBY*)

Bis. (*looks around*) Yaw. Vot about him?

Mul. He contains a powerful treasure, an' if ye want good luck to strike ye, jist drop a nickel in his mouth, an' ye will be surprised.

Bis. Vot vill he do?

Mul. He will burden ye wid a valuable reward.

Bis. Dot so? Vell pelieve me, I vill try him shoost vor goot luck. (*starts up stage*)

Mul. (*goes down L.*) Oh, ye'll be surprised, I know ye will.

(*smiles at audience*)

Bis. (*to TOBY*) Now, Meester Indian, (*puts coin in TOBY's mouth*) strike me mit—

TOBY hits BISMARCK on top of head, sending him to the floor—TOBY rushes off R., 3 E., laughing.

Mul. (laughs) Ah, ha! He got struck wid goot luck, too.

(exit, L., 1 E., delighted)

Bis. (rises feebly) Oh, mine gootness! Dot Indian make me feel sick all over mine head und stomach. (puts one hand to head and the other one over his stomach) No vonder Muldoon vos paralyzed. (sits R. of table up stage) Oh, how sick I vos!

(slowly nods his head and gradually falls asleep, sitting straight in chair)

Mul. (off L.) Arrah, now, Bridget, be aisy!

Enter, MULDOON and WIDOW, L., 1 E.—MULDOON feigns intoxication, WIDOW has hold of his arm, shaking him as they enter.

Widow. Shame on ye, Mr. Muldoon!

Mul. Now, what's the matther-ic-wid me?

Widow. Ye know. Ye air drunk.

Mul. No, sor-ic-I'm not drunk.

(staggers)

Widow. Thin what ails ye?

Mul. I'm only intoxicated, thot's-ic-all.

Widow. (leads him R.) Well, thin, sit down here a bit an' sober up. (seats MULDOON on divan and sits beside him)

Mul. How kin I sober up-ic-whin I'm sittin' down?

Widow. Howld yer whist! Ye have too much blarney.

(KATIE peeps on between curtains C.D., and blows a putty ball at MULDOON)

Mul. (flinches) Ouch!

Widow. Now what's the trouble wid ye?

Mul. Trouble enough; an' I don't want ye to repate it ag'in.

Widow. An' what have I done?

Mul. Ye wor thumpin' the back of me neck wid yer fingers.

Widow. The idea! I niver touched ye at all.

Mul. Ye did.

Widow. I didn't.

Mul. I say ye-ic-did.

Widow. I say I didn't.

Mul. Thin what the devil made me jump?

Widow. I dunno. Mebbe ye have snakes.

Mul. Indade I have-ic-not. I niver had anything bigger thin a-ic-tape worm. (KATIE repeats same business)

Mul. (jumps up, holding his neck) Oh, what a soaker!

Widow. (pulling him to his seat) Mr. Muldoon! air ye insane?

Mul. No, sor-ic-I'm in misery. (KATIE repeats business as before and vanishes, MULDOON jumping up again) Ouch! (looks around and sees BISMARCK) Ah, ha! I think I see the mischief maker now. (staggers up stage cautiously) Oh, watch me grab him!

(MULDOON is about to seize BISMARCK, when WIDOW pulls him back)

Widow. Don't disturb him Larry. Sure, he's aslape.

Mul. Git out! He's-ic-drunk.

Widow. So air ye.

Mul. I say, Bridget, git a dose of bromo seltzer, an' we'll-ic-sober him up.

Widow. I think I'll git two doses an' give wan to ye.

(exit, L., 3 E.)

Mul. (sobers up) Ah, ha! Bridget thinks I'm drunk, an' I'll kape

on lettin' her think so. (*looks at BISMARCK*) Poor dutchy; when good luck struck him he cudn't stand the pressure.

Enter, WIDOW, L., 3 E., with a glass of water and a vial of flour in hand.

Widow. Here ye air. There's only wan dose.

Mul. (*feigns intoxicated as before*) 'Thot will be sufficient. Now, Bridget, howld his-ic-mouth open whoile I inject the bromo.

WIDOW holds BISMARCK's mouth open, while MULDOON puts flour into his mouth.

Widow. All roight, let 'er go, bromol

Mul. (*unsteady*) Now!—ic—

MULDOON dashes contents of glass into BISMARCK's mouth, he suddenly springs to his feet—MULDOON rushes off R., 3 E., WIDOW exits, L., 3 E., quickly.

Bis. Sheminy Christmas! Vot vos dot? I shoost dreamed dot I vos in a barber shop, und I guess der barber vos tryin' to giff me a sea foam. (*rubs his eyes*)

Enter, TOBY, R., 1 E., in servant costume.

Toby. Good ebenin', boss.

Bis. Vos dot you, Toby?

Toby. Yes, sah. I'se been wantin' ter see you.

Bis. Vot about?

Toby. You remember 'bout losin' dat old property deed, doan' yer?

Bis. Yaw.

Toby. Well I flinks I knows somefin' 'bout it. A little while ago, I oberheerd a man an' a woman in heah talkin' 'bout sellin' some deed to Mrs. McGreeby, an' I seed de man gib de woman a bank check.

Bis. You don't tole me!

Toby. Dat am a fact.

Bis. Und vot becom mit dhem?

Toby. Dey boaf got skeerd an' run out dat way. (*points, L., 1 E.*)

Bis. Is dot so? Vell, shoost coom mit me und help me find dhem, I vant dot sheck.

Toby. (*going L. with BISMARCK*) All right, sah. (*grins*) I hope good luck strikes yer. (*exeunt, L., 1 E.*)

Enter, MULDOON, R., 3 E., drinking from liquor flask.

Mul. (*up c.*) Now, if I kape on drinkin' this cowld tay, I'll be spakin' the Chinaze language directly. (*sits R. of table*) Begob, I ain't stuck on this timprance drink—I'd sooner have the rale stuff. But fer fear of danger, I'il stick to it. (*drinks*)

Enter, COUNT, L., 3 E.

Count. (*sees MULDOON, aside*) Ah! he is getting a good start. (*aloud*) I beg of your pardon, sare—

Mul. (*scarcely noticing him*) Good-ic-avenin'.

(*drinks*)

Count. (*sits L. of table*) You are ze Mistare Muldoon, I presume?

Mul. (same as before) I belave so, perhaps—ic— (drinks)

Count. I am ze Count of Lyons.

Mul. Is thot so? I thought ye wor the Count of Tigers. (winks at audience)

Count. (aside) I vonder if he suspects me?

Watching MULDOON intently, he takes a powder from vest pocket and empties it into wine bottle on table.

Mul. (aside) Now I think I've seen thot mon before. His voice sounds familiar.

Count. I say. Mistare Muldoon, are you fond of card playing?

Mul. Well, now—ic—yis.

Count. Zen perhaps ve can indulge in a nice social game, eh? (picks up pack of cards)

Mul. I have no ob—ic—jections. Let 'er go!

Count. (shuffles cards) Now vot shall ve play?

Mul. (looking sidelong at COUNT) Euchre.

Count. (puzzled) Euchre? I know nossing of ze game.

Mul. (pointedly) Well, I do, au'—ic—no wan kin euchre me ayther. (drinks until he drains flask)

Count. (rises and drops cards, aside) Vot can he mean?

Mul. (holding up empty flask) Now ain't thot too bad? Begorry, I drained the bottle—ic—

Count. Here, zen, try some of zis vine.

Mul. (accepting it) Thank ye, I—ic—will. (offers bottle on table to MULDOON)

(is about to drink from bottle when suddenly—

! Enter, TOBY, R., 3 E., a bottle of wine in hand.

Toby. (as he enters) Hole on dar, boss!

(COUNT looks fiercely at TOBY)

Mul. Sor? What's—ic—the matther?

Toby. Dat wine you's got am stale. (takes bottle from MULDOON and gives him the one he has) Here, try somefin nice an, fresh.

(grins and goes R., turns and makes wry face at COUNT and exits, R., 3 E.)

Mul. (smiles at audience) Now ain't I lucky? (drinks)

Count. (aside) Damn zat servant!

Mul. (smacks his lips, aside) Begorry, it's swate cider. Now I'll play possum. (drinks)

Count. (aside) If I can only get him in a drunken stupor, zen—

Mul. (presses hands to head) Ah! what's the—ic—matther wid me, I wonder?

Count. (feigns alarm) Vot is it?

Mul. (gasps) I belave me brain is—ic—out of jint. Sure, I must be stand—ic—standin' on me hid. Hh! I—I—ic—I—ic—ah!

(gradually sinks away into a drunken stupor)

Count. Good! Now is my chance. (cautiously goes to MULDOON and searches his pockets) Ah, vos is zis? (takes an old fashioned wallet from MULDOON'S inside coat pocket) A poeketbook. I vonder vot it contains? (examines it) Damn it! nossing but an old collar button. (throws wallet on floor) Ah!

Mul. (springing up) Now sor, give me thot poeketbook or I'll have ye caged. (up R. C.)

Count. Sacre! (*draws a dagger*) I vill kill you!

(*starts for MULDOON*)

Mul. (*draws a pistol and levels it at COUNT*) Not this avenin'—some other avenin'. (COUNT recoils a step)

Enter, JULIANNA, L., 3 E., quickly, with uplifted dagger in hand, she rushes up behind MULDOON and is about to strike him, when instantly KATIE springs on between curtains, C. D., and covers COUNT and JULIANNA with pistols.

Katie. Well, I guess not! Two against one isn't fair.

COUNT runs R. and collides with BISMARCK, who is entering R., 3 E.; at same time JULIANNA runs L., and comes in contact with WIDOW, who is entering L., 3 E.

Bis. (*seizes COUNT*) Holt on, dhere!

(*secures dagger*)

Widow. (*arrests JULIANNA*) Oh, no ye don't!

(*wrenches dagger from JULIANNA*)

Mul. (*with outstretched arms*) Katie!

Katie. (*embrace*) Papa!

Mul. (*kisses her*) Bless yer heart! Ye saved me loife. (C.)

Enter, OTTO, C. D., smilingly.

Otto. Hello! What's goin' on in here? A family reunion?

Mul. Begorry, I think it's a family circus. Thot divil (*points to COUNT*) tried to pick me pockets.

Bis. Yaw, und he steal somedings uff me already; too. (*to COUNT*) Giff me dot sheck. (R.)

Count. Vot do you mean? I have no check. (R.)

Widow. Ye air a falsifier! (L.)

Bis. (*bristles up*) Now, dhen giff me dot sheck, or py sheminy! I vill smash mine fist mit your nose all ofer. (*threatens COUNT*)

Otto. Don't hit him, old man, I'll get the check. (*crosses L. C.*) Now Julianna—

Jul. (*unconcerned*) Vell?

Otto. I'd like to have that check, please.

Jul. I sink you are mistaken. I know nossing of it.

Enter, TOBY, C. D.

Toby. Dat's a lie! I seed dat whiskers (*points to COUNT*) gib it ter you. (JULIANNA starts)

Mul. (*to JULIANNA*) Ah, ha! Now will ye be a George Washington?

Otto. Come, Julianna, cough up that check.

Jul. (*surlly*) Here.

(*gives check*)

Otto. Thanks.

Jul. Now zat you have ze ole check, I suppose I can leave.

(*tries to pass OTTO*)

Otto. (*stopping her*) Not just yet. I'll tell you when it's time to go.

Count. I object. Zis is an imposition.

Mul. If ye don't kape still, I'll knock ye out of position.

(*starts for COUNT*)

Katie. (*intercepting him*) Don't, papa!

Mul. Oh, how I'd loike to crack his jaw.

Otto. Julianna, I'd like to ask you a question.

Jul. Vot is it?

Otto. Is that man (*points to COUNT*) your husband?

Jul. Is zat any concern of yours?

Otto. (*commandingly*) Will you answer me?

Jul. Yes, he is my husband.

Otto. (*strongly*) Then, by the eternal, you are a bigamist.

Jul. (*quickly*) Vot do you mean?

Otto. (*removes his beard*) Exactly what I say.

(*looks JULIANNA firmly in the face*)

Jul. (*startled*) My husband!

Toby. Good golly!

(*runs out C. D.*)

Otto. Yes, your husband, whom you left alone to die. After you deserted me, I swore then and there, that if ever I should regain my health, I would never rest until I found you. At last I have succeeded in doing so, only to find you the false wife of a thief.

Jul. O, have pity!

(*clings to OTTO*)

Otto. Pity? Did you pity me when you so cruelly deserted me during my illness? No! you left me without a cause, and to pity you would be unjust. You have lived false to your marital vows—associated yourself with a criminal, and now you must atone your sins to the offended law.

Jul. (*courageously*) Do your vorst! I defy you!

Widow. (*to audience*) Begorry, she's a spunky little divil, ain't she?

Otto. Count, come here!

Count. (*advancing*) Vot do you vant?

Otto. (*snatches beard from COUNT's face*) I want you to look natural.

(*COUNT is rooted to the spot*)

Bis. Sheminy! Vót a clean shave!

Mul. Ah, ha! I thought I knew thot rascal.

Enter, TOBY, C. D.

Toby. Say, boss, de perlice hab come.

(*stands near C. D.*)

Otto. All right, Toby. Now Count and Julianna, there are officers outside who will escort you to your future home—a hotel built expressly for guests of your stripe. It's not very elaborate, but I hope you'll like the place. Here, Toby, usher them out.

Toby. (*comes down*) Yes, sah. (*seizes COUNT and JULIANNA*) Dar's room foah one more couple. Kim along an' fill up de wagon.

(*TOBY ushers COUNT and JULIANNA up to C. D.*)

Jul. (*turns at C. D.—contemptibly*) Ugh!

Count. (*same business*) Bah!

(*exit, JULIANNA, COUNT and TOBY, C. D.*)

Mul. (*at C. D., talking off R.*) Bah! Go 'long, ye black sheep.

Otto. (*goes R. to BISMARCK*) Here, old man, is your check.

(*gives check*)

Bis. All right. Coom down to-morrow und I vill giff you five cents—maybe.

Otto. Don't mention it.

Katie. Papa, that was a close call for you.

Mul. Begorry, it was thot.

Bis. Vell I should say so. Look at dot knife. (*holds up dagger*)

Widow. (holding up dagger) An' luk at this frog sticker.

Mul. (shivering) Bur-r-r! It makes me fale loike I wor gettin' the grippe to think of it.

Enter, TOBY, C. D.

Toby. Say! de perlice done loaded 'em in de wagon, an' took 'em to de station.

Omnes. Good!

(*TOBY goes L.*)

Otto. I say, Muldoon, do you think you've had enough imagination?

Mul. Yes I have, I'm goin' to marry me jewel here, (*indicates Widow*) an' sittle down.

Omnes. Hurrah!

Mul. Thin afther we're married, yeall kin visit us an' we'll spend many a happy hour recallin' the incidents of "Muldoon's Blunders."
(*orchestra or piano music*)

POSITION OF CHARACTERS.

KATIE. MULDOON.

R. WIDOW. TOBY.

BISMARCK. OTTO. L.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Muldoon's office—Katie Muldoon and Otto B. Honest, the actor—The rehearsal of Damon and Pythias, interrupted by Widow McGreevy—"Divil a bit of fun did I see at all, at all"—Widow McGreevy informs Katie of her fifth matrimonial venture—Sure it's your father, Larry Muldoon I'm going to marry"—Katie and the Widow planning a joke on Muldoon—Katie pleads the Widow's cause—Muldoon's entanglement with Julianna—Katie's advice. "Marry the one you love best—Toby and Muldoon—"Murder! murder!"—Katie comes to Toby's assistance—Julianna threatens Muldoon—"She's daffy"—"I'll commit suicide"—The joke on Muldoon—Serenade by the salvation army—Widow McGreevy, Captain—Speech by the Widow, which is over heard by Muldoon—He looses his temper—"I'll be revenged, I'll marry Julianna and spite the Widow"—Muldoon and the Count—Adolph Bismarck warns Muldoon—Widow McGreevy on the war path.

ACT II.—Bismarck and Otto at the restaurant—Trouble begins—The changed signs—The downfall of Germany—Katie and Otto's little plan—Toby earns five dollars—Muldoon's experience in getting a license—Julianna and Bismarck—The Widow appropriates Julianna's lunch—Toby—"Dar'll be a hot time in the ole town to-night"—The Widow's lament—Toby and Julianna—Katie, as Julianna, discovers the Count's secret—Toby's abduct—The mock marriage—"Golly, I kidnapped de wrong gal."

ACT III.—Toby and Widow, the masquerade ball—Widow's fine music—Muldoon and the Widow—The mouth-organ—Otto persuades Muldoon to appear drunk, in order to unmask the Count and Julianna—The Widow and Muldoon—"Sure and he's drunk as a coon"—The Count and Julianna arrested—"Faith an I'll marry the Widow afther all."

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M. F.	NO.		M. F.
146	Our Awful Aunt.....	4 4	8	Better Half.....	5 2
53	Out in the Streets.....	6 4	86	Black vs. White.....	4 2
51	Rescued.....	5 3	22	Captain Smith.....	3 3
59	Saved.....	2 3	84	Cheek Will Win.....	3 0
102	Turn of the Tide.....	7 4	287	Cousin Josiah.....	1 1
68	Three Glasses a Day.....	4 2	225	Cupids Capers.....	4 4
62	Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.....	7 3	317	Cleveland's Reception Party.....	5 3
58	Wrecked.....	9 3	249	Double Election.....	9 1
COMEDIES.			49	Der Two Surprises.....	1 1
324	A Day In A Doctor's Office.....	5 1	72	Deuce is in Him.....	5 1
136	A Legal Holiday.....	5 3	19	Did I Dream it.....	4 3
168	A Pleasure Trip.....	7 3	220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3 0
124	An Afflicted Family.....	7 5	188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3 0
257	Caught in the Act.....	7 3	42	Domestic Felicity.....	1 1
248	Captured.....	6 4	148	Eh? What Did You Say.....	3 1
178	Caste.....	5 3	218	Everybody Astonished.....	4 0
176	Factory Girl.....	6 3	224	Fooling with the Wrong Man.....	2 1
207	Heroic Dutchman of '76.....	8 3	233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law.....	2 1
199	House.....	4 3	154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4 2
174	Love's Labor Not Lost.....	3 3	184	Family Discipline.....	0 1
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt.....	1 1	274	Family Jars.....	5 2
149	New Years in N. Y.....	7 6	209	Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	5 3
37	Not So Bad After All.....	6 5	13	Give Me My Wife.....	3 3
237	Not Such a Fool as He Looks.....	6 3	307	Hallahahoola, the Medicine	
338	Our B.ys.....	6 4		Man.....	4 3
126	Our Daughters.....	8 6	66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.....	3 1
265	Pug and the Baby.....	5 3	271	Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5 0
114	Passions.....	8 4	116	Hash.....	4 2
264	Prof. James' Experience.....		120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1 1
	Teaching Country School.....	4 3	50	How She has Own Way.....	1 3
219	Rags and Bottles.....	4 1	140	How He Popped the Quest'n.....	1 1
239	Scale with Sharps and Flats.....	3 2	74	How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4 2
221	Solon Shingle.....	14 2	35	How Stout Your Getting.....	5 2
262	Two Bad Boys.....	7 3	247	Incompatibility of Temper.....	1 2
87	The Biter Bit.....	3 2	95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5 3
131	The Cigarette.....	4 2	305	Jacob Shlaff's Mistake.....	3 2
240	\$2,000 Reward.....	2 0	299	Jimmie Jones.....	3 2
TRAGEDIES.			11	John Smith.....	5 3
16	The Serf.....	6 3	323	Johannes Blatz's Mistake.....	4 3
FARCES & COMEDIETTAS.			99	Jumbo Jum.....	4 3
129	Aar-u-ag-oos.....	2 1	82	Killing Time.....	1 1
132	Actor and Servant.....	1 1	182	Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1 3
316	Aunt Charlotte's Maid.....	3 3	127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2 2
289	A Colonel's Mishap.....	5 0	228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise.....	3 0
12	A Capital Match.....	3 2	302	Locked in a Dress-maker's	
303	A Kiss in the Dark.....	2 3		Room.....	3 2
166	A Texan Mother-in-Law.....	4 2	106	Lodgings for Two.....	3 0
30	A Day Well Spent.....	7 5	288	Love in all Corners.....	5 3
169	A Regular Fix.....	2 4	139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1 1
286	A Professional Gardener.....	4 2	231	Match for a other-Min-Law.....	2 2
80	Alarmingly Suspicious.....	4 3	235	More Blunders than one.....	4 3
320	All In A Muddle.....	3 3	69	Mother's Fool.....	6 1
78	An Awful Criminal.....	3 3	23	My Heart's in Highlands.....	4 3
313	A Matchmaking Father.....	2 2	208	My Precious Betsey.....	4 4
31	A Pet of the Public.....	4 2	212	My Turn Next.....	4 3
21	A Romantic Attachment.....	3 3	32	My Wife's Relations.....	4 4
123	A Thrilling Item.....	3 1	186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0 1
20	A Ticket of Leave.....	3 2	273	My Neighbor's Wife.....	3 3
329	A Valets, Mistake.....	5 4	296	Nanka's Leap Year Venture.....	5 2
324	A Day in a Doctors Office.....	5 1	259	Nobody's Moke.....	5 2
175	Betsey Baker.....	2 2	340	Our Hotel.....	5 3
			334	Olivet.....	3 2
			44	Obedience.....	1 2
			33	On the Sly.....	3 2



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Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M.	P.	NO.		M.	P.
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.			
217	Patent Washing Machine.....	4	1	204	Academy of Stars.....	8	0
135	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3	325	A Coincidence.....	8	0
195	Poor Pilcoody.....	2	3	65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1
159	Quiet Family.....	4	4	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3	172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
180	Ripples.....	2	0	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
267	Room 44.....	2	0	22	Colored Senators.....	3	0
309	Santa Claus' Daughter.....	5	4	214	Chops.....	3	0
48	Schnaps.....	1	1	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5	190	Crimps Trip.....	0	0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2	0
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2	153	Haunted House.....	7	0
327	Strictly Temperance.....	2	2	290	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1
232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2	163	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptized.....	2	1
211	Struck by Lightning.....	2	2	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
270	Slick and Skinner.....	5	0	216	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
1	Slasher and Crasher.....	5	2	319	In For It.....	4	1
326	Too Many Cousins.....	3	3	47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0
339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix.....	2		77	Joe's Visit.....	2	1
137	Taking the Census.....	1	1	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
228	The Landlords Reverse.....	3		256	Midnight Colic.....	2	1
252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3	3	128	Musical Darky.....	2	0
215	That Rascal Pat.....	3	2	90	No Cure No Pay.....	4	1
40	That Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3	0
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2	244	Old Clothes.....	1	0
101	The Coming Man.....	3	1	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2	150	Old Pompey.....	1	2
291	The Actor's Scheme.....	4	4	246	Othello.....	4	1
308	The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge.....	4	2	109	Other People's Children.....	3	
285	The Mashers Mashed.....	5	2	297	Pomp Green's Snakes.....	2	0
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0	134	Pomp's Pranks.....	2	0
295	The Snellin' Skewl.....	7	6	258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....	5	0
54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2	177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	2	1
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	4	2	96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
292	Tim Flannigan.....	5	0	107	School.....	6	0
142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1	123	Seeing Bosting.....	3	0
277	The Printer and His Devils.....	3	1	179	Sham Doctor.....	3	0
262	Trials of a Country Editor.....	6	2	94	16,000 Years Ago.....	0	0
7	The Wonderful Telephone.....	3	1	243	Sports on a Lark.....	1	0
281	Two Aunt Emilys.....	0	8	25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2	0
112	Uncle Ethan.....	4	3	92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2	1
169	Unjust Justice.....	6	2	238	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2	10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2	0
23	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3	14	That Boy Sam.....	3	1
332	Which is Which.....	3	3	253	The Best Cure.....	4	1
151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1	282	The Intelligence Office.....	3	0
56	Wooping Under Difficulties.....	5	3	122	The Select School.....	5	0
70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8	118	The Popcorn Man.....	3	1
135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5	6	The Studio.....	3	0
147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2	108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	0
155	Why they Joined the Re- beccas.....	0	4	245	Ticket Taker.....	3	0
111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1	97	Twain's Dodging.....	3	1
157	Yankee Peddler.....	7	3	198	Tricks.....	5	2
				216	Uncle Jeff.....	5	2
				206	Vice Versa.....	3	1
				210	Villkens and Dinah.....	4	1
				203	Virginia Mumov.....	0	1
				205	Who Stole the Chickens.....	1	1
				186	William Tell.....	4	0
					Wig-Maker and His Servants.....	3	0
					Happy Franks Songster.....		

GUIDE BOOKS.

- 17 Hints on Elocution
130 Hints to Amateurs.

CANTATA.

- 215 On to Victory.....